THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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1695

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MARCH 7, 1903

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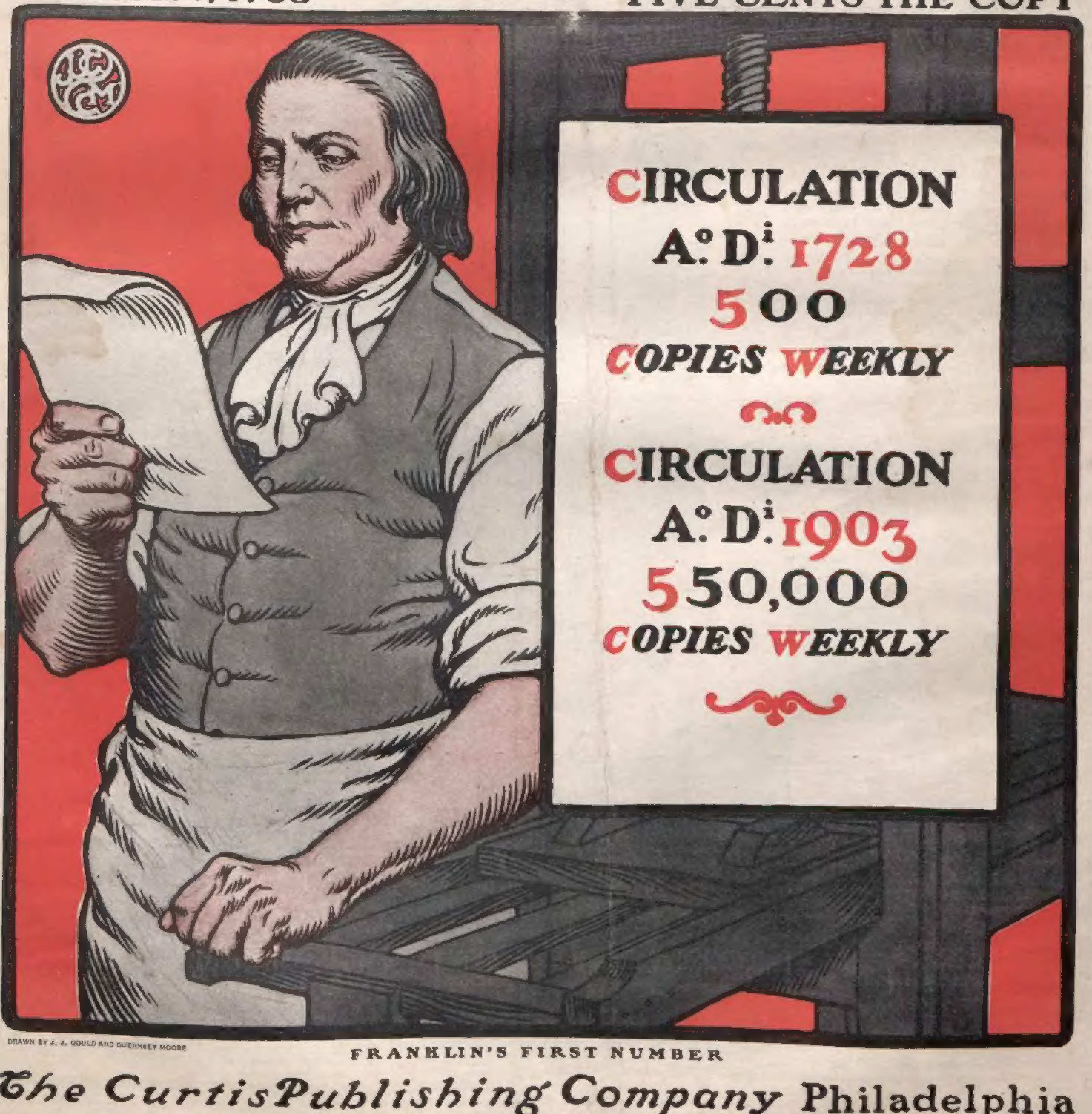
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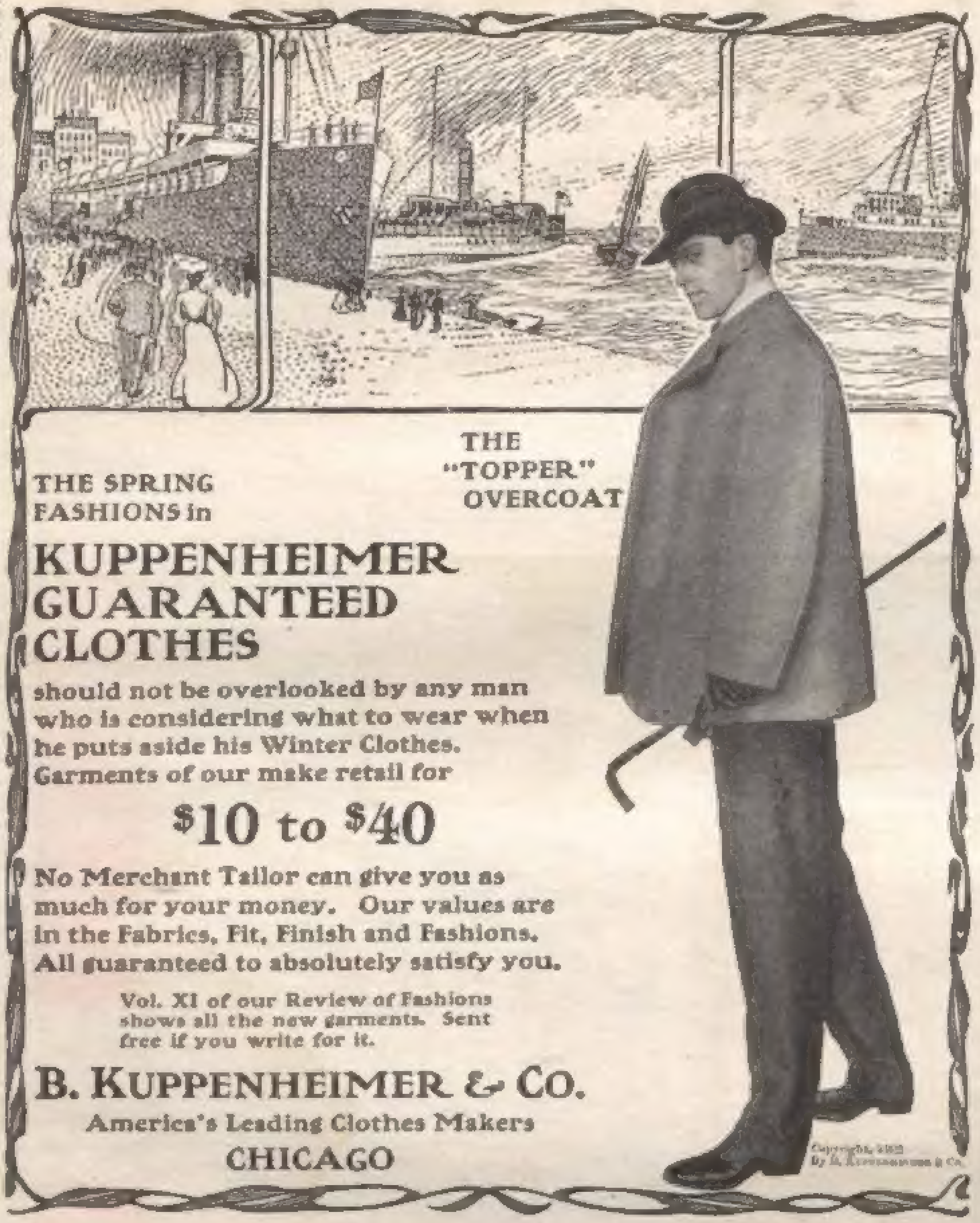

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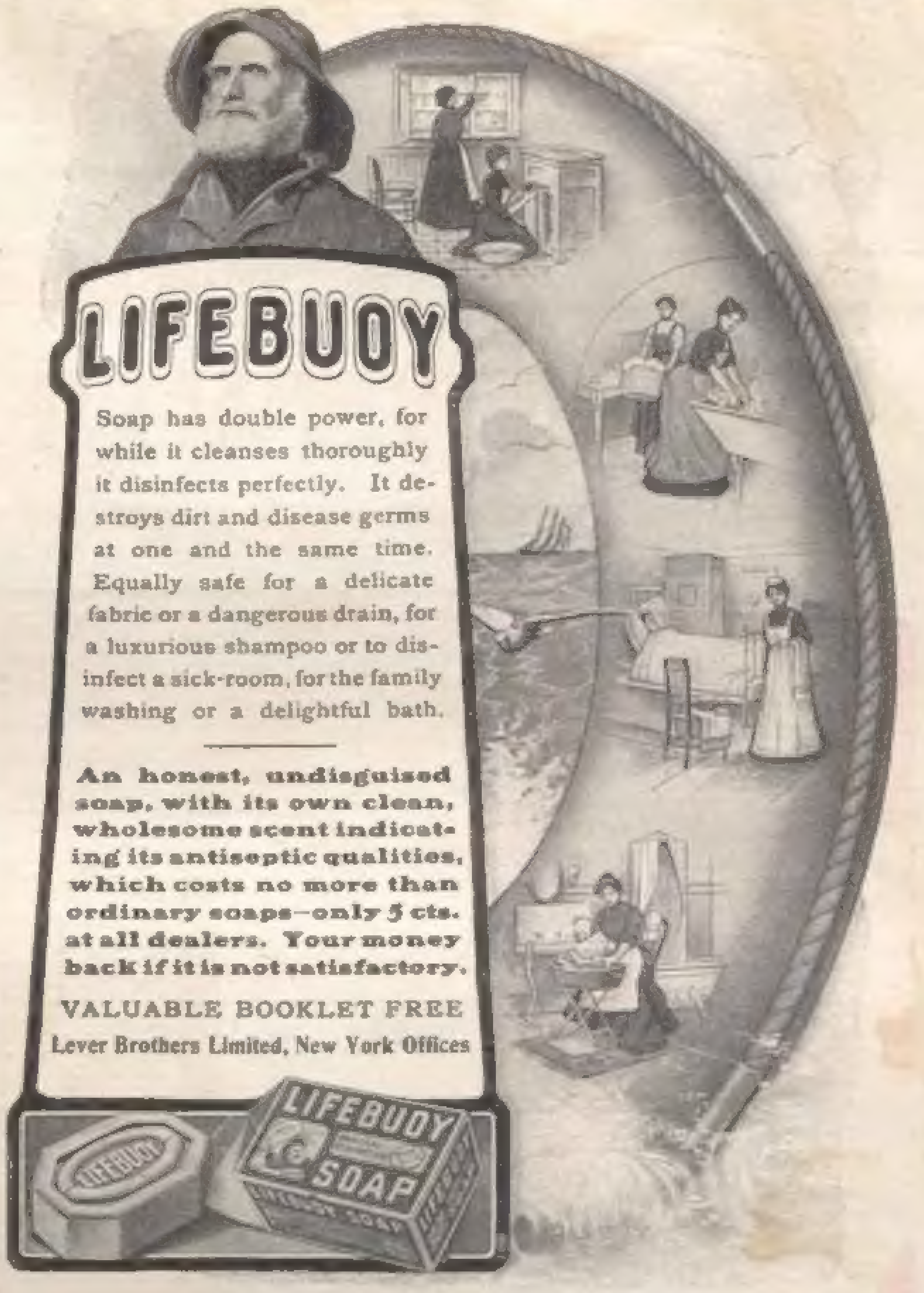

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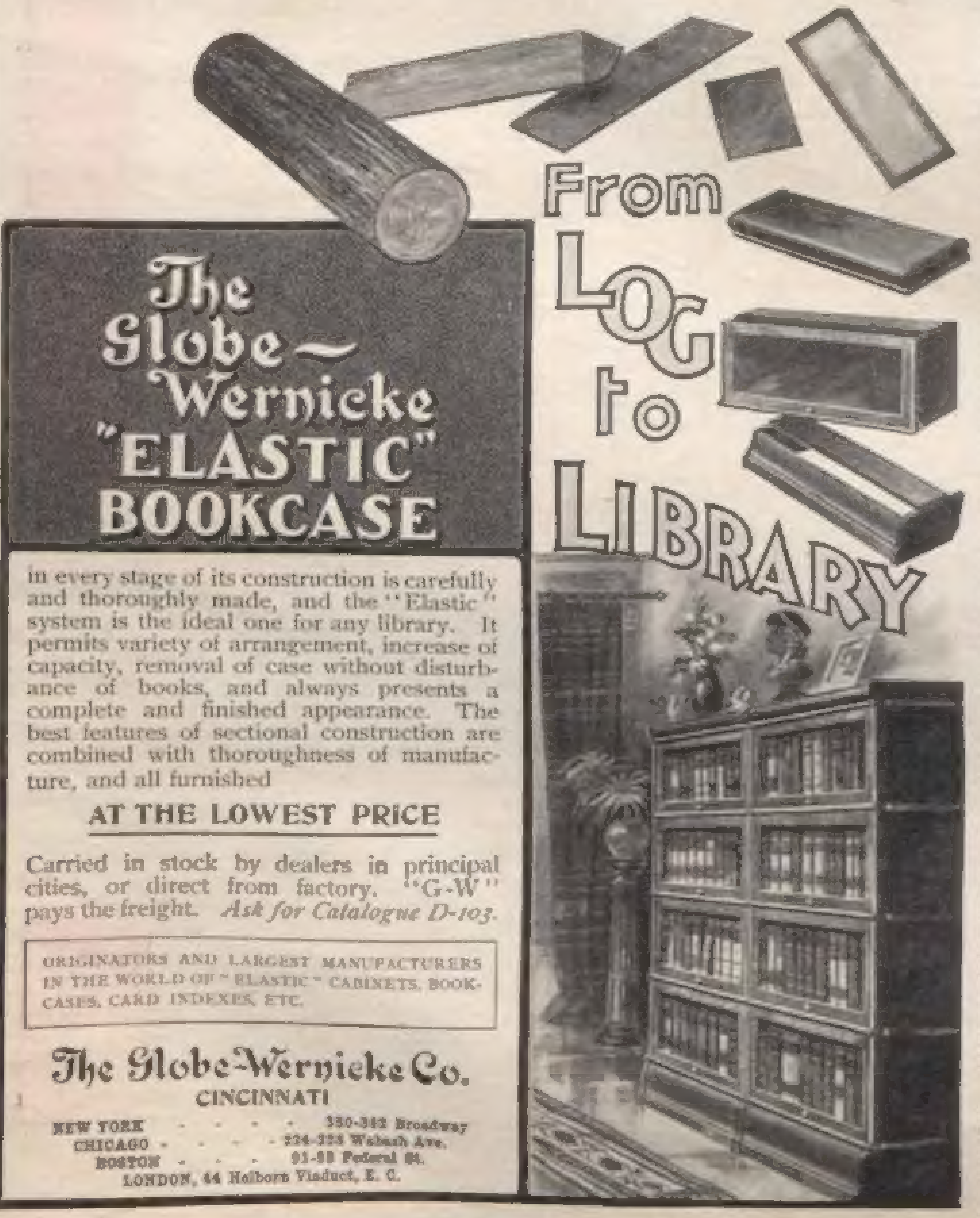

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded AºDⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 175 PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 7, 1903 Number 36

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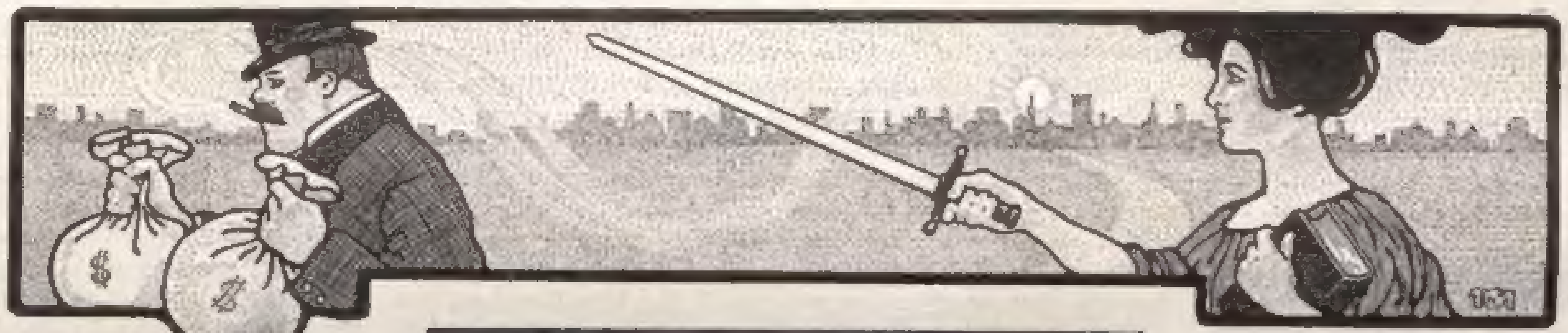
A CITY WITHOUT GRAFT

By Thomas G. Hayes, Mayor of Baltimore

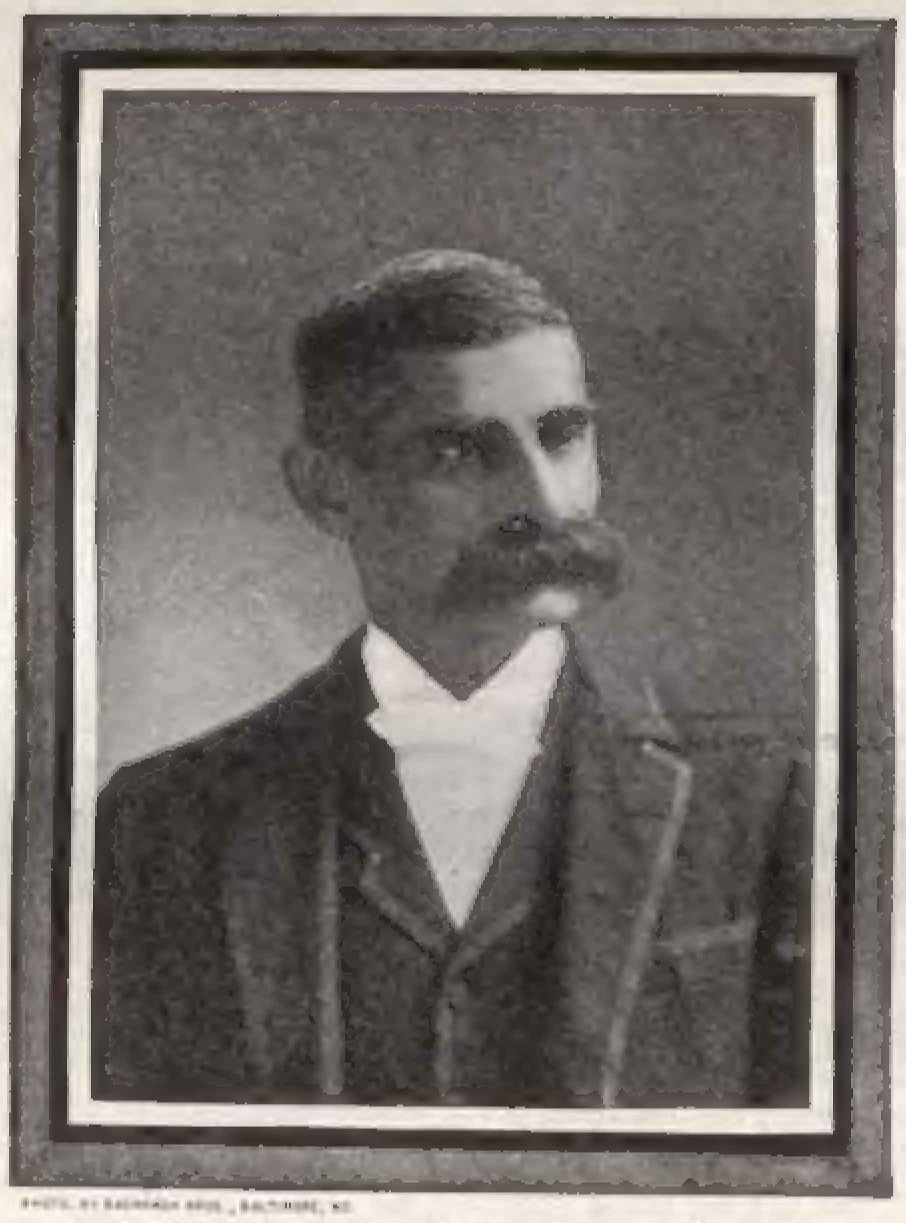


MORE than two years ago, in an article in this magazine, I told something of the efforts to put the city of Baltimore on a business basis, and in it I offered to send to any one requesting it a copy of our new city charter which I believed to be, and which I still believe to be, the most perfect instrument of its kind ever devised. I expected no such results as those which followed. A large edition of the charter was exhausted in a short time and I was obliged to have another one printed. Requests came from practically every city on this continent and from many of the municipalities of the Old World. Although more than two years have elapsed I receive daily letters about this charter and different provisions of it, until the correspondence amounts to between five hundred and a thousand letters a year, showing the widespread interest in municipal government throughout the world.

I am aware that what I said about putting a city absolutely on a business basis was received with incredulity. Something of performance had then been accomplished, but necessarily much of promise had to be made. Now, in the closing weeks of four years' experience, I am prepared to support my pledges and to state as an absolute fact that the affairs of Baltimore City are conducted on as rigid business lines as any corporation in the world. We have banished graft and grafters from the city government, and we have made commissions and rake-offs and lobbying impossible. I am told that Baltimore is the only city which can boast of these conditions; and that is the reason why this article is desired.

The story is simple though interesting. Previous to the formation of the charter commission, upon which I was appointed, I had been for many years a law officer of the city. I had, moreover, been in cases in which city officers were charged with accepting bribes. This experience gave me an intimate insight into all the ramifications of graft, and when the problem of providing the city with a charter that should make honest government inevitable came up for solution, I approached it with a constant recollection of the evils which I had seen.

Two considerations, therefore, became vital. The first of these was met by the formation of a Board of Awards, which took from the different departments the control of all contracts and the purchase of all material, and which provided for actual competition by making the conditions and specifications for all bids as broad and open as possible. This board was composed of the Mayor, the City Registrar, the City Comptroller, the City Solicitor and the President of the second branch of the City Council. In other words, the board was representative of the people and of the executive power, and at the same time of the broader business knowledge and necessities of a corporation.



MAYOR THOMAS G. HAYES, OF BALTIMORE

The Problem of Franchises

THE second vital provision was the Board of Estimates, consisting also of five members, including the Mayor, Comptroller and President of the second branch of the City Council, all of whom are elected by the direct vote of the people, and the other two members being the City Solicitor — a lawyer of experience — and the City Engineer, who had, preceding his appointment, been for five years engaged in his profession and had responsible charge of important work. This board dealt with the public franchises and with the interests which had hitherto been sources of corruption in municipal legislation and administration. The peculiar power of this Board of Estimates is that it takes away from the City Council the right to make indiscriminate appropriations or to vote away franchises. It provides a maximum amount that the City Council may appropriate. The City Council may reduce its figures if it chooses, but it cannot add a penny to the budget; it cannot appropriate money to pay any private claim against the city without the consent of this board; it cannot bestow any grant or privilege to use the streets or other public property except on the terms and conditions imposed by this board. It will be seen at once that the Board of Estimates stands as an impregnable barrier between the city and any corruption or extravagance of the municipal legislature.

With these two vital functions secured, the work of rescuing the city from its evils was greatly simplified.

When I drew up the charter I had no idea that I should ever be Mayor of Baltimore and I finally accepted the nomination of my party at a sacrifice. But I have never regretted this nor the hard work which the position has entailed. Baltimore, in comparison with other cities, was poor. It had endured many years of bad administration; the system under which it was working admitted of corruption in many forms. One of the worst was the neglect of the sinking funds and the resort to temporary loans in emergencies, these loans reaching at times three and four millions of dollars a year with interest charges approaching two hundred thousand dollars annually. In the five years preceding my administration the interest on these temporary loans exceeded a half a million dollars. In the past four years, with but one exception, there has been no temporary loan whatever, but, on the other hand, we have received more than a hundred thousand dollars of interest revenue from our deposits in the banks.

Good Men for High Offices

THIS, however, was not the most important improvement. The great work was to get men of high character and efficiency at the head of the city departments. I can best illustrate this point by my experience with the City Engineer under whose direction the improvements and the more important work of the city are carried on.

I went to the head of one of the great railroad systems, a man whom I have known for a great many years and who is a Republican — whereas I am a Democrat — and I told him that I wanted an engineer who could combine three qualities: absolute integrity, the best practical experience and mastership in his profession. He asked me how much the salary was and I told him four thousand dollars a year. He replied that he did not think I could find my man for that pay, but he would do his best to help me. In the mean time a friend suggested an engineer on a rival railroad system. I went to the first gentleman and asked his opinion. He said he would inquire and let me know. He made the inquiry and called to say that if I could get the engineer in question I should be most fortunate; that he was a thoroughly good man. The offer was duly made and to my great joy was accepted. The engineer knew nothing of politics and he probably knows little to-day, but his conduct of the office has been so admirable that the whole city recognises his work. He has, in my judgment, done more in four years than was done before in his office during the previous quarter of a century, and he has fixed the lines of progress so splendidly that his work cannot be undone. With all of this he has reduced expenses almost one-half. This instance is one of several. I found the leading citizens not only willing but eager to aid and cooperate with me: many of them made large sacrifices for the public good. Our new School Board attracted the service, without remuneration, of such men as President Daniel C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, and his successor, President Ira Remsen, and this board has reorganized our system, given to teachers more pay, and has provided more schoolhouses without increasing the total expense. When I wanted an expert commission to decide upon the best site for a hospital for infectious diseases such an eminent man as Dr. William H. Welch, who, I believe, is considered one of the greatest pathologists in the world, was willing to give his time to the city, and associated with him were some of the busiest and best physicians of Baltimore. We wanted more public baths and for that commission I secured some of the very best of our citizens, including, as president, Mr. Eugene Levering, who at one time was the Prohibition candidate for President. The result is that we have to-day the most comprehensive and practical construction and operation of bathhouses that can be found in the United States, this being the verdict of the Committee on Public Baths for Cleveland, which investigated the conditions throughout the country.

And so it has gone, until we have obtained on the personnel of the city government our present high average of character and intelligence.

A Defeat for the Boodlers

THE supreme test of the new conditions came in the spring of 1902. The Western Maryland Railroad had been largely aided by the city from year to year and the indebtedness had grown until it reached more than twelve millions of dollars. The ownership practically rested in the city. The road had in it great value to private capital; for years the purchase of it had been attempted, but in ways and on terms that were notoriously bad and inadequate. It was recognized by the interests that sought to obtain control that they would have to spend a great deal of money illegitimately; it was openly stated that the City Council would have to be bought before the road could be bought. Moreover, there were large commissions which must be paid the political powers. In the end the purchaser would probably have had to pay something approaching the real value of the property, but the city would never have received all of the money. I advised the sale from the first, and when finally we got down to business, after a contest of over three months, the competition brought forth three active and responsible bidders. The main question involved not only the great amount of money to be paid but the future effect of the purchase upon the trade of Baltimore. The fight was one of great intensity and some bitterness; there were attempts or rumors of attempts to employ money in the old way, but the threat was made that if these things were persisted in somebody would go to the penitentiary, and that had a restraining influence upon bribers and bribe takers. Through this campaign we held rigidly to our position, and in the end the sale was made in such a way as to give the city of Baltimore a competitive trunk line, and to place in the treasury every penny of the money paid over, the sum being $8,751,370.45. When the transaction was closed the representative of the controlling interest called upon me and said: "Mr. Hayes, this could not have been done in any other city in the United States."

A few months ago I attended the national meeting of an association of men who deal in municipal supplies. They came to me and said that they had found out how to do business with Baltimore, and that was to offer direct to the city their standard goods at the lowest figure—and the whole thing seemed to them almost an impossible case. Here were practical men selling their wares, amounting to many millions of dollars a year, to American cities, and privately admitting that there was only one city in which they did not have to resort to other than business methods in order to get contracts!

It must not be inferred from what I have said that all these results have come peacefully. The four years have had more than their share of turbulence. There have been many harsh words and numerous strained relations between the City Council and the Mayor, and those who clamored for special local improvements or wanted profuse pledges to their constituents fulfilled by appropriations have found the situation anything but pleasant. Furthermore and especially, the political bosses have come to regard the Mayor with an intensely bitter hatred. They have fought putting the city on a business basis from the very start, and they have not enjoyed their defeats. Personally I do not wonder that they hate me as they say they do; they would not be entirely human if they did not. Under the old methods the political bosses had to be seen before anybody could do business with the city; now they do not have to be seen at all. Their incomes from a very profitable source have been cut off, their brokerage on offices and on city supplies has been stopped; they cannot even collect campaign assessments from the city employees. They wield no more power in the city hall than any other citizen and not nearly so much as representative business men. I am not one to denounce the politicians as lacking either force or ability. They must be men of exceptional qualities or they would not be able to rule men. As a matter of fact they are great students of human nature. If there is any way to get at a man they find it out, and they do not hesitate to bulldoze or threaten or cajole him. It is part of their trade and I do not wonder that they so often succeed. In the present case they have simply failed, which leads me to say that with the best charter and the best intentions the mayor of any city must have good backbone if he expects to do his duty by the whole people and to carry forward a clean administration.

What we have done in Baltimore, therefore, in four years is the getting of honesty into all of the affairs of the city. It has been a hard task, but it has been done. Now that we have accomplished this, the larger things in the way of public improvement can be faced with the probability that the work will be done without a large percentage of the cost going into wrong pockets. I believe that it has been very carefully estimated that on the average about twenty-five per cent. of the expenditures of an American city for public improvements had been extravagantly or corruptly deviated.

In Baltimore we are about to enter upon the installation of a great sewerage system, of the building of more schoolhouses, and of other public improvements which will give the city the best equipment that skill and money can provide. The gratification is that with the honest methods which are now in vogue the work will be done without serious losses to the taxpayers—always, of course, provided that a firm man is in the Mayor's chair and is surrounded by good men who will do their duty singly for the public good.

* * *

A Trolley Magnate's Career

A FEW months ago there gathered, at the home of a Philadelphian, the most remarkable dinner-party, in point of wealth and financial influence, that ever met around one board. Hundreds of millions of dollars were actually owned by the men who ate salt and broke bread together, and billions of dollars were under their active control. From various cities they came, and special trains were run, and over hundreds of miles of track men kept sleepless watch and ward in order that nothing should happen to those money kings.

It was a veritable palace in which the party met; an immense mansion of two hundred rooms, surrounded by sunken courts in Italian style. The mansion is fronted by a row of mighty pillars, and stretches off on either side in stately wings. Paintings and rugs of fabulous value, marbles and bronzes, the sheen of gold and silver and the sparkle of priceless glass—all these things made a splendid setting for those men of money.

"Advance!" In that word lies the secret of the success of the host of the evening. The man who owns this splendid home, thus magnificently furnished, rose from humble parentage, and from a humble position in a little store. His life motto has been the word "Advance." Eastern fables tell of genii who confer unbounded wealth on those of lowly station; but Peter A. B. Widener was his own genius.

A man well groomed he is, but with a tendency to neckties red of hue; a man earnest-faced, with frankly steady eyes, with ears oddly bent at the tips, with short nose, thickish and a trifle broad. He is growing bald, his thin hair is streaked with gray, and grayish too is his thick mustache. Clearly a man of ability, of attractive personality, this. Of almost restless and nervous manner—wont to pace slowly about his desk from time to time as he talks—such is Mr. Widener.

It is his firm belief that "if you do a thing for yourself, you do it for the community," and this belief, thus succinctly expressed, he loves to propound as giving his views of the worthiness of success.

For years it seemed as if he were destined to make but an ordinary success of life, but during the Civil War opportunity came knocking at his door. The chance to fill an army contract presented itself and he seized the chance. He filled the contract to the complete satisfaction of the authorities, and cleared what to him at that time was a fortune.

He is gifted with a curious faculty for figures—an instinctive sense which even now at board meetings enables him to seize on the one vital item out of a hundred, and by means of which he can work out financial problems with ease. He discovered within himself the possession of this faculty, and decided that he might as well use it in a broad field as in a narrow one, and so he quietly began to make ventures and to invest his money to advantage. Quiet, taciturn, but with a curiously winning manner, he developed a marked faculty for the management of men, and in 1873 became city treasurer.

It was when he was over forty years of age, when he was well past the time at which most men have either succeeded or failed in their chosen lines, that he began the work of his life, the career of a street railway man. It was in the days of horse cars, and of innumerable separate companies, but Mr. Widener saw that there would be something better than horse power before many years, and even then, too, he foresaw something of the wonderful expansion, the stretching out from town to town, that was to come. Little by little, under his guidance, all of the lines of Philadelphia were brought under one control; and from this Mr. Widener has reached out until, in many parts of the country, his influence is felt as that of a main factor in trolley-line ownership and management.

"Has there ever been anything better for Philadelphia than the development of its trolley system?" he says, looking straight at you, frank-eyed, as he pauses in his slow walk beside his desk. "And are not the trolleys accomplishing wonders throughout the country in developing and uniting sections that have been dormant and out of connection with one another?"

A few years ago he gave to the city, for library purposes, his home in Broad Street, filled with books and paintings, and went a few miles away to the mansion where recently he gave his amazing dinner-party. Saddened a few years ago by the sudden death of his wife, and knowing she had felt a curious sympathy with crippled and invalid little ones, on account of a child of theirs who had died in infancy, he gave two million dollars for the founding of a home for cripples.

The Pocket Post-Office

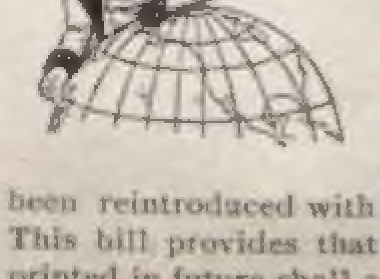
BY HENRY A. CASTLE

Auditor for the Post-Office Department

A CHANGE THAT WILL DO AWAY WITH THE FORMAL, TEDIOUS, EXPENSIVE MONEY-ORDER SERVICE, AND TRANSFORM A BANK-NOTE INTO A DRAFT

FIFTY MILLION postal money orders will be issued in the United States during the current fiscal year. This is now the safest form of making small remittances by mail—infinitely preferable to the use of postage stamps, coin or currency, though these are no doubt used for that purpose ten times where money orders are used once. As these postal orders average in amount less than eight dollars, a conservative estimate would fix thirty million as the number calling for less than two dollars and a half each; many are for less than one dollar. Assuming that the purchasers of these thirty million small postal orders have spent an average of half an hour in going to the post-office, writing the applications, waiting while the money orders are filled out, signed and paid for, and then returned to their starting point; and assuming that ten hours a day for three hundred days per annum constitutes the full working-year of an individual, the time consumed equals the labor of five thousand men for one year. Here is an absolute waste of the productive energies of five thousand people per annum, squandered in the unproductive, unnecessary effort required to merely get possession of a piece of paper available for making safe remittance of a small sum through the mail. All this useless expenditure of time would be saved if each of these persons could have drawn from his pocket a post-check bill ready to be filled up with the name of the payee, made valid by affixing a two-cent postage stamp and canceling the same, and then safely intrusted to the prompt and careful hands of the employees of the postal service.

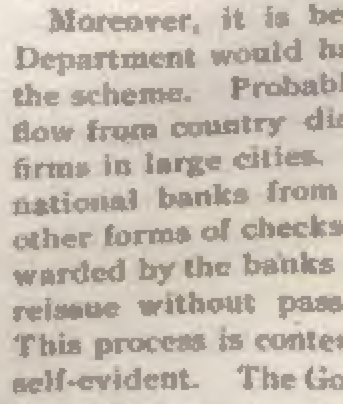
The loss of time in going to post-offices to get the money for the orders is less noticeable and less serious, because they are often collected in large bunches, even run through the clearing-houses of many cities and handled generally in a more businesslike manner. All this trouble caused in buying and collecting can be cheerfully undertaken when the amount to be remitted is fifty or one hundred dollars—the latter being the maximum amount allowed by law. But when the amount involved is less than five dollars the need of a simpler form of note has become painfully manifest.



To supply this need a plan is embodied in a bill which has received favorable consideration by the Congressional postal committees, and has been reintroduced with this prestige in the present session. This bill provides that all one, two and five dollar notes printed in future shall contain certain blank spaces, but will pass from hand to hand like other Government currency until they come into the possession of some one desiring to send money through the mail. Then the blank spaces are filled with the name of the payee and his address, and a two-cent stamp is placed in a space provided on the bill especially for that purpose. The bill is by this simple, inexpensive process transformed into a check, with many of the safeguards and few of the complications of the present postal money order. The scheme would not in any manner change our financial system—it would merely change the form of small notes.

How the New Law Will Work

UNDER the proposed law the process of redemption, cancelation and reissue would be simple. The post-checks are to be paid at any money-order post-office, where they will at once be canceled and withdrawn from circulation. They will then go forward as "mutilated currency" to the United States Treasury for destruction and reissue. By a suggested amendment they can go directly to the Treasury through the banks of the country. The objection urged that the post-check operations would lead to confusion in adjustment of functions between the Post-Office Department and the Treasury Department is not admitted by friends of the measure. If paid post-checks can be treated as mutilated currency there can be no conflict. Ample provision is now made for depositing surplus postal and money-order funds in banks and in the Treasury. A bureau of the Treasury Department in charge of the Auditor for the Post-Office Department, with nearly six hundred employees, now handles, and audits the accounts involved in handling, about fifty million money-order vouchers annually. No confusion arises from that connection between the two Departments. It is certain that a practicable post-check system would simplify matters.



Moreover, it is believed that in practice the Post-Office Department would have comparatively little connection with the scheme. Probably ninety per cent. of the checks would flow from country districts in the smaller towns to business firms in large cities. They would be received on deposit by national banks from their customers as money orders and other forms of checks and drafts now are; they would be forwarded by the banks to the Subtreasuries for redemption and reissue without passing into the hands of any postmaster. This process is contemplated by the law, and its legitimacy is self-evident. The Government is already furnishing currency through the Treasury Department and conducting exchanges through the Post-Office Department. The post-check system proposes to supply currency which can be easily converted into bills of exchange. Naturally and logically the Treasury

Department should conduct exchanges, if they are to be conducted at all, as a public function.

Treasury experts object to this innovation on the ground that additional labor will be thrown on the Department (where, if anywhere, it belongs) by mistakes of remitters in filling blanks and indorsers in signing their names. But this objection is trivial. People unfamiliar with the technicalities of business will make mistakes in filling out checks. Shall we therefore discontinue the whole system of making checks on banks? Why not, it is asked, let the man who owns a certificate of deposit in the United States Treasury (as every silver certificate is) check against his deposit with the safety of a check on a bank? A business house mailing five hundred bank checks per annum loses an average of less than one in three years. The facts are, the losses are so few and the percentage so small that they may be disregarded in considering the general plan.

A practicable postal-check system would be a great benefit to farmers, business men and publishers; women would appreciate its convenience. Business houses now receive large quantities of postage stamps through the mails. One Chicago publisher reports the receipt of $350,000 in stamps in one year, nearly $1000 a day. Others have the same experience on a smaller scale. With post-check money this nuisance is avoided; a convenient, safe and instantly available form of money is supplied with which the public can safely transact mail business which is now said to aggregate in small sums $2,000,000,000 a year. The revenue from postage stamps affixed would pay all expenses of the system.

The boon of a cleaner paper currency of the smaller denominations is one of the incidental advantages which the people, especially in the West, would have reason to hope from the post-check plan. The constant flow of canceled bills to the Treasury and their redemption with new, clean currency would ensure a much better average condition of the circulating medium, which is now, in too many cases, dirty, ragged, utterly disreputable and perhaps infected.

While the public would thus be benefited in many ways by this innovation, the interests of the postmasters at the smaller offices would be amply protected. These hard-worked and under-paid officials now receive three cents for each postal money order when issued by them, and although that is, in the case of orders for $2.50 or less, the entire amount of the fee exacted by the Government, it is confessedly unremunerative for the labor involved in writing out the order and duplicate, transmitting the "advice," making up the reports required and remitting the proceeds. The proposed law provides that postmasters of these classes shall receive credit for "cancellations" of stamps on all post-checks paid by them, and such other provisions for their benefit can be made as the operation of the new system may show to be equitable. In the end they would gain in revenues and be relieved of much hard, unremunerated work.

But the loss of time to the people in procuring and then in collecting these thirty million small money orders, and to small post-offices in making them out, is not the only defective element in the present system. There is a corresponding loss of Government time — which costs money — that is little appreciated.

Sixty million manipulations yearly are performed by the Post-Office Department, ninety million manipulations are performed in the office of the Auditor for the Post-Office Department — which is a branch of the Treasury — and sixty million auditing operations in the same office on thirty million small postal money orders, not one of which has paid a cent of revenue to the Department to compensate for this vexatious and expensive labor.

The necessity for all these audits and manipulations arises from the fact that a postal money order is a voucher and must be treated as such, with as much care and scrutiny in the accounting office as if it involved hundreds or thousands of dollars. There is no possible way of simplifying or avoiding these processes if correct accounting by the auditor's office is to be had with the thirty-four thousand postmasters who issue and pay these orders. All necessity for this auditing and for these scrutinies would be avoided by the post-check proposition, which treats a paid and canceled order as mutilated currency and not as a voucher, a thing impossible to be done under the money-order system, or any possible scheme of postal notes issued and paid by postmasters.

The total financial transactions of the postal service for the current fiscal year will exceed $1,000,000,000. All these transactions must be examined and accounted, in detail, in the office of the Auditor for the Post-Office Department, whether they involve a million dollars to a railroad company for carrying the mail or a two-dollar money order. The business has increased seventy per cent. during the past five years, and bids fair to increase still more rapidly in the immediate future. A practical suggestion which will relieve this work of some of its unprofitable and embarrassing features would naturally be welcomed by all who comprehend the magnitude of the interests involved and their importance to the public service.

The Seizure of the Scotia Mill

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

"COME now, come now, come now!" Egan, Schunk's lawyer, tried to give his old hatred of "Big Rory" its most softly infuriating expression by speaking to him as if he were a great child in a rage. "There's no necessity for any bullying, you know, no necessity whatever. And, as we've told you several times already, you'd be much wiser to get a legal adviser."

Schunk sat stolidly beside him. The clean-shaven purpleness of his suety chops, his city grooming, and the sleekly fitting tweeds which covered the fat coarseness of his person contrasted curiously with the lank and shaggy looseness of the gigantic lumberman. And he contemplated the blaze of his blue-steel eyes with much wonder and contempt. "Why, it's a straight matter of business, you know, Mr. MacKenzie," he said. "There's no use you talkin' as if I had somethin' again' you."

"Big Rory" had fiercely stretched his great freckled hand — red-bristled as a Tamworth's back — along the cornice of the filing-cabinet he towered beside. Now he flung his arm free in a Celtic explosion. "A strecht matter o' beezness and nawthin' again' me! Ye've got yere fingers a-grip o' my thrapple, if that's nawthin' again' me! Ye're tellin' me that if I dinna get ye yere money ye'll seize the Scotia, and wull gie me no time to get ye money — if that's a strecht matter o' beezness!"

Egan smiled with all pleasantness. "You were to make Mr. Schunk his payments in cash. For the first and second he has been content to accept mortgages on the mill and machinery. But I think that hardly delivers you from meeting the subsequent notes. I am assuming that you took over his pine land with the intention of paying for it in full."

Rory struck the cabinet rabidly. "But when I saddled mysel' wi' that Red Lake stumpage did I ken that in three months McMahon Brothers would be ga'en to the wall? Or that for my whole August and September sawin' — eight million feet an' mair — Garbut & Hall would noo be afferin' me twenty cents on the dollar? And wha' can any lumber mull do tae help hersel' sax weeks before navigation opens, and in this weather?" He looked desperately out over the "Harbor" ice flows and the slaty gray sweep of Lake Huron beyond them. "Ye maun bide for yere money till the fogs come doon again. Till then I sit hand-tied."

He had continued to speak only to Schunk; but again it was the Portage lawyer who replied. And his sneeringly lean face was still all affability and good nature. "Possibly so, my friend, possibly so. But I've always noticed that if you want to make a man produce money you — just have to put him in a place where he swears he can't get any. Isn't that right, Mr. Schunk?"

"I guess that's right!" And the Detroit man blinked his little, shifty, pig eyes and laughed heavily.

"Big Rory" gasped at it. "And ye *laugh*, mon! Ye *laugh!* It's the buildin' up o' thirty year ye'll be takin' frae me, and ye smile and sneeker and cleek ——!"

Egan snapped him off as by the twitch of an electric button. "Well, you have a month yet before we apply for judgment. And you can get your backing by wire in an hour — if you're good for it!"

The innuendo was enough. "And I am guid for it, blame ye. I am guid for it! And I'll get it for ye, if for naught else but to choke yere dirty gullets wi' it!"

As he got himself into the street the crash of the outer door followed the lock-starting smash of the inner one, and they both laughed again.

"Will he get it?" asked Schunk.

"I don't know. It's just possible. It's a chance you've got to take."

The same night Rory left for Saginaw and Bay City.

That was the worst of the "hard-time years" — and it was never anything but "hard-time years" with those who go out to borrow large sums of money on personal security. If "Big Rory" had taken it for granted that having once brought himself to hold out the beggars' tincup, the humiliation of its filling was a foregone conclusion, he was given a bitter disillusionment.

His first morning in Saginaw left him in a hot daze. And this, after his second day in Bay City, had turned to a burning headache. He hardly knew that it was physical; it seemed a part of the sick shame of his mendicancy. He went on to Detroit, thence over to Muskegon, and up to Manistee and Traverse City. His head had gradually become a molten anguish. He did not sleep, and the green gall he was hourly swallowing drove away all hunger. He had circled Michigan, but he did not know when or how he had caught his trains.

By the middle of the second week his heart had dropped out of him, and he crossed over to Canada — to Windsor — to see his brother Sanders. Sanders had been the timid one, the son who "got on terrible slow" — and Rory had never helped him with a dollar. Nor indeed did the big man acknowledge to himself that he intended to ask *him* for money *now*. He went to him only in that mysterious drawing toward kin which comes to many in time of trouble. And other than this younger brother, kin he had none.

Sanders heard him through that night without speaking; and he had made him no answer when he went out next morning. But he came back with a loan company's check for $3500. He had mortgaged his house and garden-lot for every cent they would carry. And this drove the ax through the barky roughness of Rory's heart more than all previous refusals and unkindness.

"Na! Na! Na!" he cried, his voice blaring out like a woman's. "I'd never think o' takkin' it! And indeed noo, Sanders, mon, ye hae misoonderstood me." He was sore shaken. "I did na come to ye by way of *askin'*, ava! I had no sic idea, whatefler! I but thocht ye micht wish to hear it frae me direct and personal, as ye micht say. But ye hae taught me. Gin you can do this for me, I can go and beg, even to they at the Harbor. I see weel that afore I get on my feet I maun get on my knees! But since I *do* get on my knees, Sanders, mon, ye'll find me a better brither!"

He went back to Portage that night. And, on the same train, Schunk returned from Detroit. But they did not see each other until Rory went to Egan's office next morning.

He found lawyer and client sitting almost as he had left them a fortnight before. And he spoke to his creditor with the blunt directness of the despairing. "Weel, I hae no money for ye! If openin' my veins could hae got it, ye'd hae had it. But there's nae a stiver ga'en noo. And I ask ye again for mair time."

Egan cleared his throat. But "Big Rory's" words rushed on appealingly again, and as always he spoke only to Schunk. "Ye see, ye dinna oonderstan'. Ye think I'm but fendin' aff the evil day. But that's nae so, nae so, ava! If I canna coin siller oot o' the snaw-drifts for ye, gie me only till spring, and wi' the comin' doon o' the April drives the lumber'll be pilin' up on the wharves for ye like new-mintit gold. And, mon, it's worth yere bidin' only tae see the Scotia under full pooer! Sic band and gang work—sic re-sawin'! Losh, she'll rup through her hoonderd and fufty thoosan' feet a day, and fair yammer and drie for mair! And to tell ye true, too"—he spread his hands in a kind of fiercely smiling, coaxing confidence—"it's a matter of mickle mair than that wi' me. I hae the best o' my years—nane o' the wastin' folly o' youth—but all my workin' life in her. She's wife and bairns and coontra and recht hand to me! Ye maun juist gie me mair time to clear her, noo—sax weeks or twa months—three at maist!" He was standing now, and his big silver ring began to give out a curious clicking where he gripped the desk. "Mon, I hae tried tae think o' mysel' wi'oot her, but it's as ye micht say imposseeble. Cut us a-twain and I'd fair *bleed* to death!"

Schunk fidgeted with the paper-knife and frowned angrily. He was stock-market trained, and such men as he had hitherto seen go into bankruptcy had learned to accept the fate in the upper man without any unpleasant dramatics. He again shifted the business of replying to the lawyer's shoulders.

And Egan was good for it. "Oh, pshaw now, Mr. MacKenzie," he said with a laugh, "there's really no sense in your going on in that strain. Mr. Schunk isn't a woman, to be worked by pulling out the pitiful stop."

Under all his red hairiness, "Big Rory" turned whiter and whiter. "Pulling out the pitiful!" And with one grip and twist he could break the grinning little lawyer's skinny spine across the back of his swivel chair. "Pulling out——" "Noo, Heaven keep ye!" he said in a dry whisper, "for ye sure dinna ken hoo near death ye are the noo."

He turned and looked at Schunk for a long time in a kind of numb stupor. He seemed to have lost the capacity for rage. "Then ye go on for joodgment and an execution?"

"Why, you had that understanding before you went away," he answered testily.

When Rory spoke again it was in a queer, flat voice. "Ye tell me to get money, but ye wull na gie me the time ye ken weel is necessar' to get it."

"You've got two weeks more yet."

"Ye wull na gie me time," said Rory. "Ye wull na gie me time. And tell me, why wull ye na?" Now his voice began to rise in a searching interrogation.

Neither man replied. Schunk continued to frown, and Egan a second time laughed contemptuously.

Rory spoke again, never taking his eyes from his creditor's face. "Ye tell me that ye wull attach the Scotia if I canna pay ye, yet ye feex it so that pay ye I canna." And then suddenly a gaping light of comprehension began to take life upon his face. "Ah-h-h-h! Ah-h-h! Is it *I* who has na been oonderstandin'? Mayhap it's not my money ye're wantin' ava, but it's the Scotia hersel'?" Once more his ring began to click on the edge of the desk, and now the trembling seemed to run all through him, and take him at the throat like a chill. "It's the Scotia hersel'?"

Once more he received no answer, but confirmation was written plainly enough in the flaming fire of Schunk's twitching countenance. "Lord! Lord! So, along wi' gettin' back yere pine land ye've schemed to get the best saw-mull along the North Channel. And ye'd hae the sheriff's hammer mark the Scotia to get her the cheaper? Do ye deny it? Do ye? Do ye? And I, Rory MacKenzie, hae fleeched to ye for her, like a coupit lassie ower her love bairn!" He flung out his arms like an infuriately prophesying druid. "Noo, alane and friendless as I stand, I tell ye ye'll never hae her! I dinna ken wha' to do, or where to turn, but I'll beat ye yet, I wull!"

He got himself out of the office, quivering and choking in his huge rage. And ten minutes later he passed under their window going toward the mill with a pair of great gray Halifax blankets over his shoulder.

"Gad," grinned Egan, "it looks as if he was going to sleep on it like a dog on a bone!"

Schunk crossed the room to the cuspidor. "Say," he said, "Portage Harbor is all right in some ways. It's a good place to own a mill in, but you've got people here that don't belong in this century!"

"Big Rory" slept in his mill that night. Nor did he come out the next day, nor the next, nor the next. And old Wallie Kempesson, the Scotia's engineer, who was now stolidly getting his driving and sawing gear into shape for next month's opening, was known to be bringing food in to him. But the report was that he would eat nothing.

And then rage blazed in Portage Harbor. Egan had played "black dog" time and again before; but this last was Judas business. As for Schunk, upon him fell all the loathing of the successful carpet-bagger. Young Leslie, the last Ann Arbor man to take hold of the Portage Sawyer, put the fury for justice of a graduating Junius into his long paragraphs of nonpareil, and a dozen times a day he was told "to lace the scoundrels harder." A general subscription was proposed, and the hiring of outside legal help. But those who really knew Rory's pride and temper had sorrowfully to stop such movements in their useless beginnings. The mayor, a nervous, anxious-eyed man, whom the hard times had driven to a perpetual rubbing of his hands, went to Schunk and virtually offered to give Rory's credit the backing of the municipality. And he was virtually told to mind his own business. In the helplessness of the town lay its worst exasperation.

But if Portage had to stand powerlessly inactive, there was another force which assuredly did not! When the word went back to the MacKenzie shanties that "Big Rory" had been attacked in his own stronghold and capital, the very Scotia herself, such a roar of wondering wrath went up as had never before echoed from Red Lake to the North Channel. Was it for this, then, that they had made the name of "Rory's men" terrible to all the numbers of the encroaching Consolidated Company, and had driven the whole chopping force of the united Hastings & Stevens combination from the "disputed territory," spite of all court injunctions and sheriff's deputies? Now a sheriff was to enter the Scotia! Well, by the red beard of "the ald man himsel'," if he did, it would be to go up the jack-ladders and through the saws!

And in no MacKenzie shanty was any more work done that March. Choppers, teamsters, cooks and carpenters grasped axes and cant-hooks and streamed down to the "Harbor," bristlingly unshorn as a drove of Highland cattle, and red-eyed for battle. They sent in word to Rory that they were there when he wanted them. Then they proceeded to fill hotels and boarding-houses with riot, and swept the streets till midnight chanting the song that "Crooky" O'Neil had made for them in the time of that great feud with the "Consolidated":

"We're Rory's men, Rory's men, Rory, Rory, Rory's men!
  If you're lookin' for scrappin'
Come out an' say when, come out an' say when!
  Blunt from the knuckles or hard from the heft—
    However you have it, you'll know us again,
    Know us again, know us again!"

And Portage Harbor, if civically a little nervous, rejoiced with all the secret lawlessness of the individual: if Schunk did get the Scotia he would have to pay heavy interest on it. And there was hope, too, that *this* time Egan would get much more than fee and retainer.

As regarded the latter worthy, he delighted in the situation! Once more he had brought down on himself the bellowing furies of the many-headed; and the Mephistopheles in him chuckled over it as with the relish of the most excellent comedy. And if the shanty challenges and insults jeered at the fat Detroit man from every street corner greatly angered him he did not show it. But on the other hand, that Rory should act as he was doing seemed to have a strange potency to gall and rag his nerves through all his heaviness. While MacKenzie still clung to the mill he would not leave the business to the lawyer. And he spent most of his time walking Egan's office and throwing away half-smoked cigars.

"D——n him!" he broke out at last. "Do I imagine he's soakin' things with kerosene, or makin' ready to dangle himself off from a cross-beam? I don't know what he's doin,' but I know I got fifty thousand to lose on this game, and I've made up my mind to go in there and see!"

And, as it happened, next morning he had his opportunity. Rory had gone out before sunrise and taken the Up-shore train. At noon, Egan and Schunk slipped quietly down a side street, found that the wicket of the big sliding mill gate was open, and were soon climbing through the silent Scotia. But they found neither kerosene nor halters, nor indeed any evidence of life whatever, until they entered the boiler-room. There two long rows of brass valves and "feeds" were lying, dripping yellow oil upon a tow-covered work-table. And, on a ladder in the shadow, old Kempesson was taking off a lubricator. He gave a sudden hunch as his eye caught their reflections in a gauge glass. But he paid no further heed.

"Gettin' things in shape?" asked Schunk clumsily.

The old man grunted, but made no answer.

"I hope you'll be staying with us, Kempesson," said Egan.

"Ye—hope—*wha'?*"

"I remarked that, if changes should occur, we should be very glad to have you stay with the mill."

He turned around *now*, and focused them with a full, red, headlight glare. "I hae no eentention o' lea'in' the mull whatefter!"

"Well, then," said Schunk, "if MacKenzie should be givin' up the Scotia——"

"Nor I hinna heerd that Rory MacKenzie has onny eentention o' givin' up the Scotia, neither!"

Egan crowed. "Say, you're all right, Kempesson. You're the best thing yet! But I'm afraid, though, you're a trifle elderly to learn new tricks. I'm afraid you're of the age that isn't wide open to argument!"

"He's of the age that'll be chasin' a new job by the end o' next week," said Schunk savagely. "The old fool! For two shakes I'd pitch him out now!"

They left the mill, having got nothing from their investigation. And a crowd of lumber-jacks followed in their wake uptown, explaining, not altogether soberly, what they intended to do to them when Rory gave the word. And Portage Harbor, crowding the sidewalks in the after-dinner hour, further expressed its intention of giving "Rory's men," if not actual assistance, at least the very freest hand.

But Sheriff Silverthorn could not look at it in that way. He had been MacKenzie's friend for a dozen years, and, at the thought of what was ahead, his office was his misery. Yet, for all that, it was his business to protect the town's good name; and every day brought in not only more of Rory's men, but uglier rumors of the resistance in preparation. That night—it was a Saturday—MacKenzie came back again, and once more silently buried himself in the Scotia. On Monday morning the little sheriff went down to the mill and had it out with him.

"Rory," he said, "if I've got somethin' to do here this week it'll be the toughest job I've ever had to do in *my* life, and I want you to help me get through it without no bloodshed. You know your lads are comin' in from everywhere. There's a hundred and fifty here now; and there's a story goin' that Cap Blackman's goin' to bring down your Robbie Burns and a crowd from Point aux Pins, and the Achilles may come in with another tug-load from Anchor Inlet, if the ice opens enough. Now you know what that means, Rory. I'll have to go an' swear in the whole county as depities—and God knows what'll be the end of it. For if you had all Michigan behind you, I'd just have to go ahead and do what's laid out for me!"

Rory looked at him with a strange quietness, which went to the soul of the man-of-law more keenly than outcrying despair. "He canna get his execution afore Saturda' morn, can he?"

"Well, now, you know, he's on pretty near the top of the list. And seein' as you're not fightin' his judgment and there won't be no stay to it, he may get his *fy fay*[*] by Friday. But if I see he's goin' to get it then, if it's any use to you I'll go out of town and hold up the service till Saturday noon. I won't be actin' very legal to do that, but I'll *do* it, if *you*'ll help *me* a little."

"All recht," said Rory; "then I'll pass ye my word that ye won't hae me to reckon wi' on Saturda'. I'll lea' the toon, too—I dinna well ken for where—but I winna be here. And I'll do a' in my pooer to get my lads to lea' wi' me—and I think they wull! And—and—ye're a good little mon, Sherie, a michty good little mon!" Whereupon that good little man fell a-cursing and swearing in a way that was not good at all. But nevertheless he had a message to bring back that stupefied all Portage: Rory had now abandoned any thought of battling to keep the Scotia. The same day, too, Kempesson came out among those shag-jawed battalions of MacKenzie henchmen; and their manner after he had left them was a silent repetition of the sheriff's tidings. The swaggering ferocity went out of them, they sang their war-song no longer, and no longer even did they take more than was good for them. From the first a certain rough feeling had kept them from trying to see Rory. Now, while the spirit was dying in the big man—where he lay in his sawdust or walked his empty "gangways"—they hardly showed themselves at all. They waited in Portage for the end, but for the most part they waited in silence. They would talk only to one another. Even when they saw Schunk or Egan they no longer sent unprintable growlings after them. For the town, too, the end could not come too quickly now. Even the Sawyer had little more to say.

Egan, happening to meet young Leslie on the court-house steps, beamingly commented on that. "Why no more of the scorching rhetoric?" he asked. "Why no longer the red-hot headline? And all this 'Shall Trelawney Die' business? It seems to have had a puncture, somehow, too! I'd even heard there was to have been a naval force coöperating with your Wat Tylers. Is that declared off as well?"

He received no answer. In the whole town there was not the spirit to reply to him. On Tuesday night, too, Rory was known to have come out and posted a bundle of letters, one being addressed to his brother Sanders, in Windsor. And although there were many then who said that they ought to go into the Scotia and bring the big man away from it, whether he would or no, no one was ready to lead—and with the shadow of tragedy cold upon them, nothing was done.

If you have ever seen a fatal fight between a great St. Bernard and a bulldog, when there was at hand no power that could pry the bull from the big, choking throat, you will unendurably remember that at the end there came a time when the final hysterical shriekings for some one to do something, and the wild, useless beatings upon the bull's iron head ceased at last, and there was a turning away from the death, of souls that sickened at it. On Friday afternoon Schunk got his judgment, and when it was learned that Sheriff Silverthorn had gone out of town and would not be back until late next day, there was a kind of general anger at him.

The mayor was one of the crowd that stood about the Scotia's gate as night fell. After a time Kempesson came out to them. It was said that through it all he had gone calmly on cleaning his machinery.

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[*] Fieri facias.

"How—how's he going to take it?" whispered the mayor fearfully. "My, my, but this is a hard business!"

Kempesson looked at him from under his owlish eyebrows with a kind of grim satisfaction. "I think he's ga'en to tak' it like his true sel'," he said.

"And you'll stay near him? If you could just fix it to sleep here to-night, now ——"

"I wull!" said the old engineer, "I wull dae juist that. And I dinna doot but what I'll be of some coomfort tae him. Onnyway, I'll be here."

The mayor went away rubbing his hands together woefully. "I suppose it's all I can do," he said, talking aloud to himself, "but I wish I could have had a talk with MacKenzie." He made up his mind to go to him before breakfast next morning, and tell him just how he and all Portage felt about it.

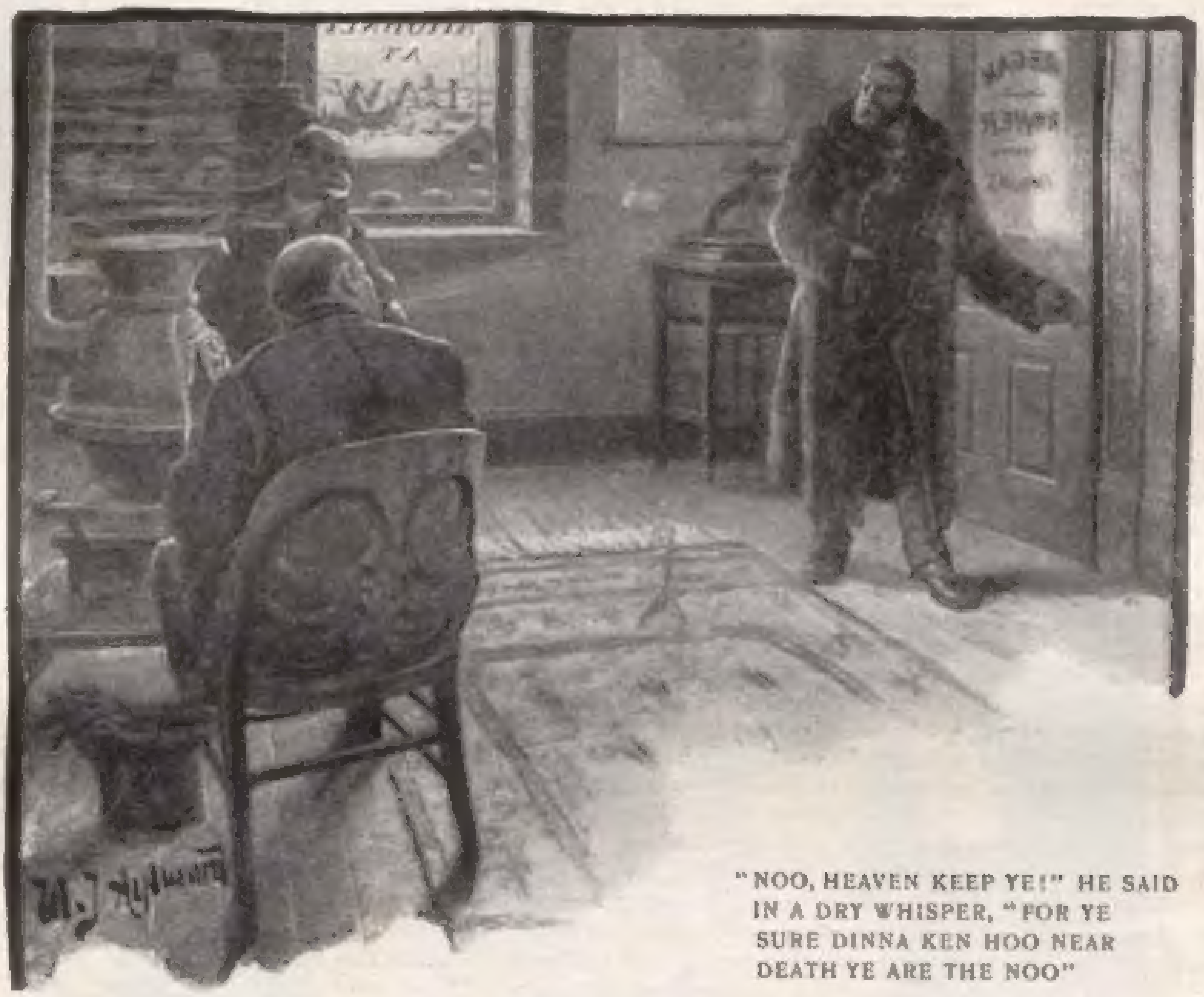
But no one in the Harbor heard "Big Rory's" voice that morning following.

No one heard "Big Rory's" voice that morning following. But, barring the bedridden and infants in arms, there were few who did not hear him that Friday night! At twelve there was in Portage a roar and tumult as of a town in sack. The whole Harbor in fire array was pouring down Main Street toward the Scotia. And in the clutches of a half-dozen whooping lumber-jacks, Mr. E. G. Egan, clad in little more than his boots and great coat, was being carried gaspingly along in the centre of the flood. Ahead of him, through the swirling snow, he could make out Schunk, raging and fighting, but no less foamingly helpless in the grasp of as many more of "Rory's men." The lawyer tried to call to him, but a large, sweaty, buckskin mitt was clapped across his mouth. He tripped over a wire. "They've all been cut an hour ago!" yelled some one behind him. "You don't telephone or telegraft for help this night!"

He was borne half-choking through the Scotia's gate—now open wide enough—and on into the midst of the shouting crowd a-surge in the mill-yard. The Scotia, within and without, was crawling with men and lanterns. And along the wharf front dipped and swayed a score of red and green lookout lamps. The braying of two tug whistles rose trumpetingly above a hundredfold thudding of maul-blows, the running clank of winches, and the bellowing of orders.

The lawyer was thrust through the ragged front of the press. Two score shantymen, like swarming bees on a branch, clustered in dark clumps along the "jack-ladders." And out of the midst of them sprang down "Big Rory."

Egan shrieked at him in a falsetto of fright and fury. "Now you lay hand on us, MacKenzie—you try it now, or you burn or destroy this mill—and it'll be penitentiary business for you! I warn you—before these people as witnesses, I warn you!"



"NOO, HEAVEN KEEP YE!" HE SAID IN A DRY WHISPER, "FOR YE SURE DINNA KEN HOO NEAR DEATH YE ARE THE NOO"

Rory flung free the forky lengths of his great red beard, and lifting high his lantern he grinned down on the lawyer like a werewolf. "Burrn or destrroy the Scotia! Ye fule, ye fleerin', pettifoggin' lick-stamp! And you, ye leech-fat bloodsucker—oh, I hae a brawer game than that to show ye! Or, mayhap, *ye'd* ca' it 'juist a strecht matter o' beezness!' And syne ye speak o' weetnessin', I'll tell ye that juist to weetness this beezness hae I had ye twain haled here this nicht. For I'm thinkin' that but for yere twa precious sel's, we'd a' be of ain party. But noo yere kind attendance mak's it smooth and legal-like." He took a step nearer them, and his eyes seemed to leap and flare. "Ah, ye thocht ye had me, did ye na? Ye thocht I had lain doon to die like a foondered horse? Well, ye'll ha' a chance to joodge o' that for yeresel's! Fling them aboord the Robbie, lads, and ha' them well watchit, for later I hae mair to say to them!"

He turned and again climbed swiftly up to the back of his men, now wrenching and hammering at the great endless chain. And Egan and Schunk were pitched like puppies aboard the tug. It backed away through the crunching ice, to turn and push a huge scow—only one of a tow of half a dozen—in athwart the wharf. And almost at the same instant, with a last crushing drive of the maul, the whole forward sheathing of the Scotia came down in a shattering rush like a broken theatre curtain. And the second story, the "sawing floor" of the mill, was filled and tumultuous with its own stage hands and scene shifters!

Old Kempesson, half-clothed and crookedly thick-set as a gorilla, dropped from a shafting beam into the main gangway. "Noo," he screeched deliriously, "you Tamson and Hicks an' yere gangs, come wi' me doon tae the bilers. And the rest of ye, back tae Rory and the skidway booms!" They started on the run. "And swing yeresel's for Meechigan while ye may, for on the morrow's morn ye'll be standin' aff all the baillies across the line, and sweerin' ye're loyal subjects o' the Queen!"

And then the pair on the Robbie Burns understood. Kempesson was an ancient mechanic concerning whom they had entertained delusions; he had been doing much more than clean machinery that last week. There had been something other than farewells, too, in a certain bundle of letters posted Tuesday night; and the naval force that was to coöperate with the men from the bush had been launched on more than a tide of rumor. "Big Rory" was going to attempt to put the Scotia piecemeal aboard his "tow" in that one night; and then, fighting through the drifting ice of the Channel and the March gales of the Lake, carry her the hundred and fifty miles into Canada!

And, by all that was desperate, it looked as if he were going to do it, too! Already the ladders were down. The wharfward wall of the boiler-house had been broken out, and a squad of "picks and crows" were tearing away the brick and concrete settings. Derrick and skidway had been ready long enough to be white with snow. Now the Achilles passed in double hawsers over the first of the scows, and they were bent to the nearest boiler.

"Ye canna bide to gang saft wi' 'em!" yelled Rory frenziedly. "Oot o' here they maun come!"

For one minute, two, three, four—there was a tension that was intolerable. Then the huge steel cylinder began to stir. "Oxen and wain ropes, but she's daein' it!" shrilled Kempesson, beside himself. And the boiler came down the skids like a stuck pig dragging on a lariat.

The swaying amphitheatre of humanity waited to see it safe on board, then sent up one fierce, wild shout of joy. Already they had started a score of bonfires and were preparing to watch the night out.

And thereafter, one by one, the whole battery of boilers followed. At the end of the first hour Kempesson gave over that business to Rory, and flinging the sweat from his greasy brows, he spurred and pushed his gangs in to the heavy driving-gear. Half of those men had helped to set it up, and they needed little guiding in its taking down again. "Come on, noo, come on!" went up that hoarsely tremulous scrannel pipe; "get in mair rollers! And in wi' yere crows and levers! Every mon that can find place for himsel', bend tae it!"

And as soon as the derrick could be reset for them, the ponderous castings and forgings were in their turn being swung to the skids and delivered over to the groaning hunger of the hemp. Without a halt, too, the half dozen turtle-like mill trucks were trundling out the lighter gear. Indeed, in those hours the main strength of fiercely straining men did much more than winch and derrick boom.

By four o'clock Kempesson and his gangs were once more carrying their lanterns up to the sawing-floor. "Get mair lines frae the tugs!" shrilled the old man. "An' lend a hoost tae McKeown and his taikle again." By this time the skidway to the second story was a very toboggan-slide, and now down it they slipped section after section of the massy, twenty-ton yoke of steel that stayed and buttressed the great ten-inch "band." Part by part the oscillating gangs swung after it. "Dinna stop to put spanner tae bolt or connection!" yelled Kempesson. "I tell ye again, I've had every nut aff and joint loose these twa days syne!" The resaws, the trimmers, and edgers, and butters, the shingle and lath machines, moved out in grotesque and clanking procession.

And for the last two hours, saddled on the hundred joists and braces high overhead, Rory's carpenters and their gangs had been drawing bolts and driving out key-pieces—unjointing the huge skeleton of the mill. They were heavy timbermen, such mechanics as built three-hundred-man shanties as their town fellows would build hen-coops. They knew their work. Fifteen minutes after the trucks had run the tailings of the canters and conveyors on to the creaking scows there began to seize the Scotia a mighty, mugient trembling. And, once a-sway, it fell with the gathering roar of a broken log-jam.

Already the Achilles was crowding in with the last of the scows, heaving and crushing them through the ice like another Ermack. And then, by trucks and hawsers, there began to be rushed aboard them sills and studding and sheathing, joists and sleepers and uprights, in a double stream.

It was almost dawn, and the snow had turned to a gale-borne spindrift. Save for the burner, towering up blast-furnace-like above the trampled waste about it, and the shattered masonry of saw and boiler settings, the site of the Scotia had been swept of everything by that human cyclone. And now "Big Rory" and his engineer, both hatless and dripping, open-throated and tangledly unkempt, sprang like great cats upon their last unwieldy freighter, leaped down over her rail to the Robbie, and made lance-straight for their captives in the cabin.

Schunk burst into a fury of blue-lipped curses as he saw them come. "Oh, by ——, but you'll regret this, you'll regret this!" And Egan barked venomously beside him.

"I regret it *noo*," guttered Rory, "that I hae had to lea' ye the sawdust an' foondations!"

"But nae doot," insinuated Kempesson, "ye'll be wantin' them to foond yere future foortunes on—to say naethin' o' havin' somethin' solit to attach yere baillie's paper tae!"

One of the shanty cooks had made a ten-gallon caldron of boiling coffee. Rory silently dipped out two big tin mugs full. "Noo," he said with fanning nostrils, "in another forty-eight 'oors I've calculated we'll be in Canady. And if Meechigan's the 'loomber-jack's mitt' in the geographa, I tell ye the head and shouthers, and a' the body o' the pine chopper 's to the north o' her. Aince there, I dinna fear me. But mayhap we'll be at the bottom o' Lake Huron afore we're across her, and ye twain are noo ga'en to drink luck to oor expedeection." If his eyes smiled, his fingers never stopped opening and closing. "Wha'? Wha'? Ye wull na?"

"Ye'd be wiser tae," came in old Kempesson again, "for I'm thinkin' ye're soon tae tak' a wee bit water trip yeresel's. And ye'll dae well tae drink hot afore ye drink cald!"

"Na? Na?" said Rory once more, the words coming like file-raspings. "Vara well, then! Na doot ye can swum? Na? Then ye'll be the first this year t' mak' yere try at it! Tak haud o' them, lads. Oh, ye maun come to it, my buckies!"

"I'm afeared they're baith tae yoong t' learn new ideas," said Kempesson. "I'm thinkin' there's no use argufyin' wi' that age, no use ava!"

"They'll hae learnt this nicht," said Rory thickly, wrenching Schunk from the cabin door, "that the pooers abo' dinna fecht only on the side o' the meek an' lowly. Ower wi' them, noo!"

They were quoited, swearing like demons, into the logway, gray with slush ice and snow. And when they came up again cant-hooks were twisted into their collars, and they were hauled in to the boat-landing.

Dawn was breaking. The scows were receiving their final interlashing, and the tugs were making fast their tow-lines. A good eighty of Rory's men were going with the Scotia, and they were swiftly building themselves shelter shanties under

(Concluded on Page 21)

THE WISH AND THE DEED

By Max Adeler

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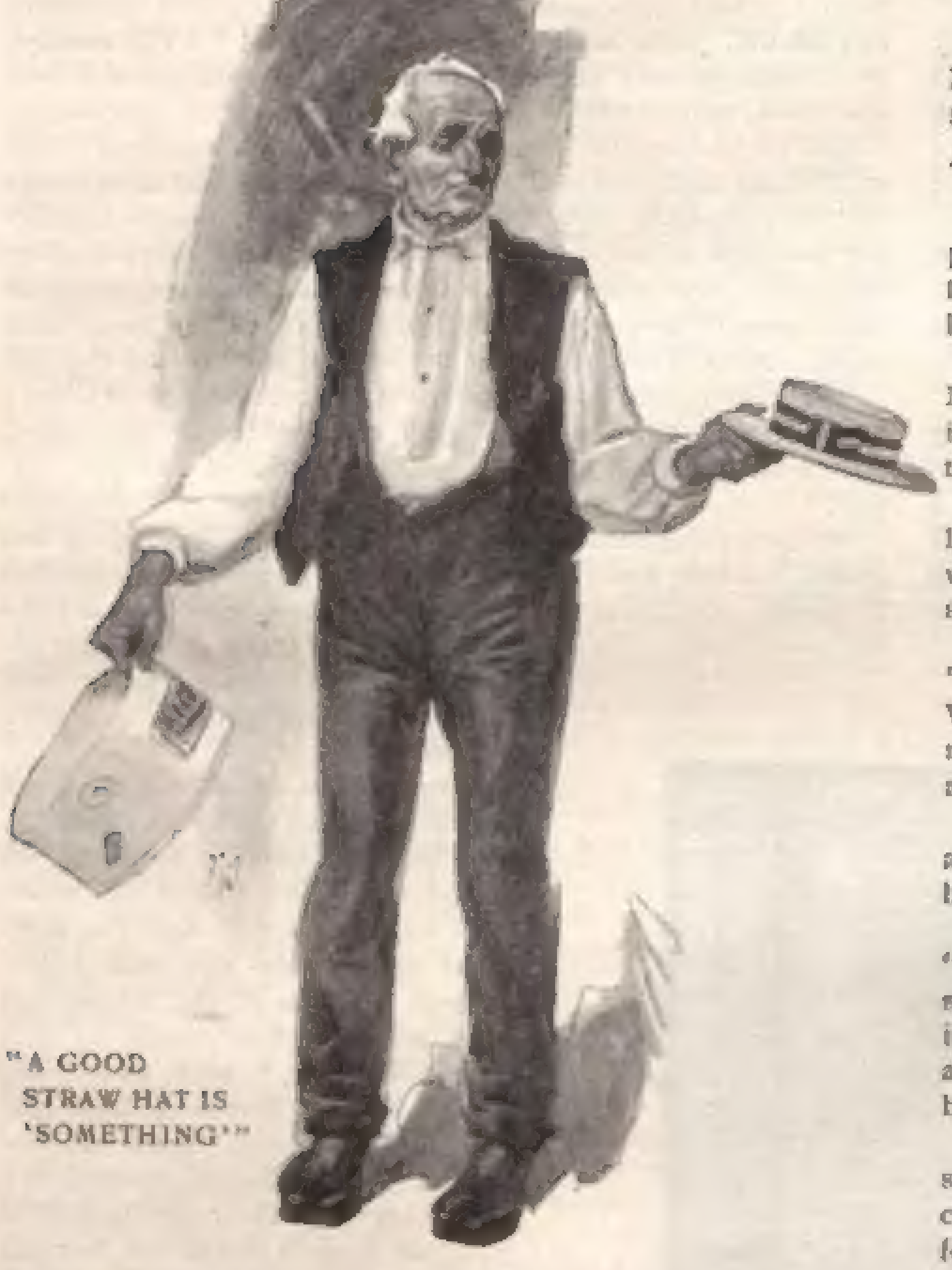
IF EVER ANY ONE LEAVES YOU MONEY IN SIX FIGURES REMEMBER WHAT GEORGE AND MARY MADE OF THE JENKINS MILLIONS



"A GOOD STRAW HAT IS 'SOMETHING'"

IT HAD always been one of the luxuries of the Grimeses to consider what they would do if they were rich. Many a time George and his wife, sitting together of a summer evening upon the porch of their own pretty house in Susanville, had looked at the long unoccupied country-seat of General Jenkins, just across the way, and wished they had money enough to buy the place and give it to the village for a park.

Mrs. Grimes often said that if she had a million dollars the very first thing she would do would be to purchase the Jenkins place. George's idea was to tear down the fences, throwing everything open, and to dedicate the grounds to the public. Mrs. Grimes wanted to put a great free library in the house and to have a club for poor working-women in the second-floor rooms. George estimated that one hundred thousand dollars would be enough to carry out their plans. Say fifty thousand dollars for purchase money, and then fifty more invested at six per cent. to maintain the place.

"But if we had a million," said George, "I think I should give one hundred and fifty thousand to the enterprise and do the thing right. There would always be repairs and new books to buy and matters of that kind."

But this was not the only benevolent dream of these kind-hearted people. They liked to think of the joy that would fill the heart of that poor struggling pastor, Mr. Borrow, if they could tell him that they would pay the whole debt of the Presbyterian Church, six thousand dollars.

"And I would have his salary increased, George," said Mrs. Grimes. "It is shameful to compel that poor man to live on a thousand dollars."

"Outrageous," said George. "I would guarantee him another thousand, and maybe more; but we should have to do it quietly, for fear of wounding him."

"That mortgage on the Methodist Church," said Mrs. Grimes. "Imagine the happiness of those poor people in having it lifted! And so easy to do, too, if we had a million dollars."

"Certainly, and I would give the Baptists a handsome pipe-organ instead of that wheezing melodeon. Dreadful, isn't it?"

"You can get a fine organ for $2000," said Mrs. Grimes.

"Yes, of course, but I wouldn't be mean about it; not mean on a million dollars. Let them have a really good organ, say for $3000 or $3500; and then build them a parsonage, too."

"The fact is," said Mrs. Grimes, "that people like us really ought to have large wealth, for we know how to use it rightly."

"I often think of that," answered George. "If I know my own soul I long to do good. It makes my heart bleed to see the misery about us, misery I am absolutely unable to relieve. I am sure that if I really had a million dollars I should not want to squander it on mere selfish pleasure, nor would you. The greatest happiness any one can have is in making others happy; and it is a wonder to me that our rich people don't see this. Think of old General Jenkins and his twenty million dollars, and what we would do for our neighbors with a mere fraction of that!"

"For we really want nothing much for ourselves," said Mrs. Grimes. "We are entirely satisfied with what we have in this lovely little home and with your $2000 salary from the bank."

"Almost entirely," said George. "There are some few little things we might add in—just a few; but with a million we could easily get them and more and have such enormous amounts of money left."

"Almost the first thing I would do," said Mrs. Grimes, "would be to settle a comfortable living for life on poor Isaac Wickersham. That man, George, crippled as he is, lives on next to nothing. I don't believe he has two hundred dollars a year."

"Well, we could give him twelve hundred and not miss it and then give the same sum to Widow Clausen. She can barely keep alive."

"And there's another thing I'd do," said Mrs. Grimes. "If we kept a carriage I would never ride up alone from the station or for pleasure. I would always find some poor or infirm person to go with me. How people can be so mean about their horses and carriages as some rich people are is beyond my comprehension."

It is a delightful pastime, expending in imagination large sums of money that you haven't got. You need not regard considerations of prudence. You can give free rein to your feelings and bestow your bounty with reckless profusion. You obtain almost all the pleasure of large giving without any cost. You feel nearly as happy as if you were actually doing the good deeds which are the children of your fancy.

George Grimes and his wife had considered so often the benevolences they would like to undertake if they had a million dollars that they could have named them all at a moment's notice without referring to a memorandum. Nearly everybody has engaged in this pastime, but the Grimeses were to have the singular experience of the power to make their dream a reality placed in their hands.

For one day George came flying home from the bank with a letter from the executors of General Jenkins (who died suddenly in Mexico a week or two before) announcing that the General had left a million dollars and the country-seat in Susanville to George Grimes.

"And to think, Mary Jane," said George when the first delirium of their joy had passed, "the dear old man was kind enough to say—here, let me read it to you again from the quotation from the will in the letter: 'I make this bequest because, from repeated conversations with the said George Grimes, I know that he will use it aright.' So you see, dear, it was worth while, wasn't it, to express our benevolent wishes sometimes when we spoke of the needs of those who are around us?"

"Yes, and the General's kind remark makes this a sacred trust, which we are to administer for him."

"We are only his stewards."

"Stewards of his bounty."

"So that we must try to do exactly what we think he would have liked us to do," said George.

"Nothing else, dear?"

"Why, of course we are to have some discretion, some margin; and besides, nobody possibly could guess precisely what he would have us do."

"But now, at any rate, George, we can realize fully one of our longing desires and give to the people the lovely park and library?"

George seemed thoughtful. "I think, Mary Jane," he said, "I would not act precipitately about that. Let us reflect upon the matter. It might seem unkind to the memory of the General just to give away his gift almost before we get it."

They looked at each other, and Mrs. Grimes said:

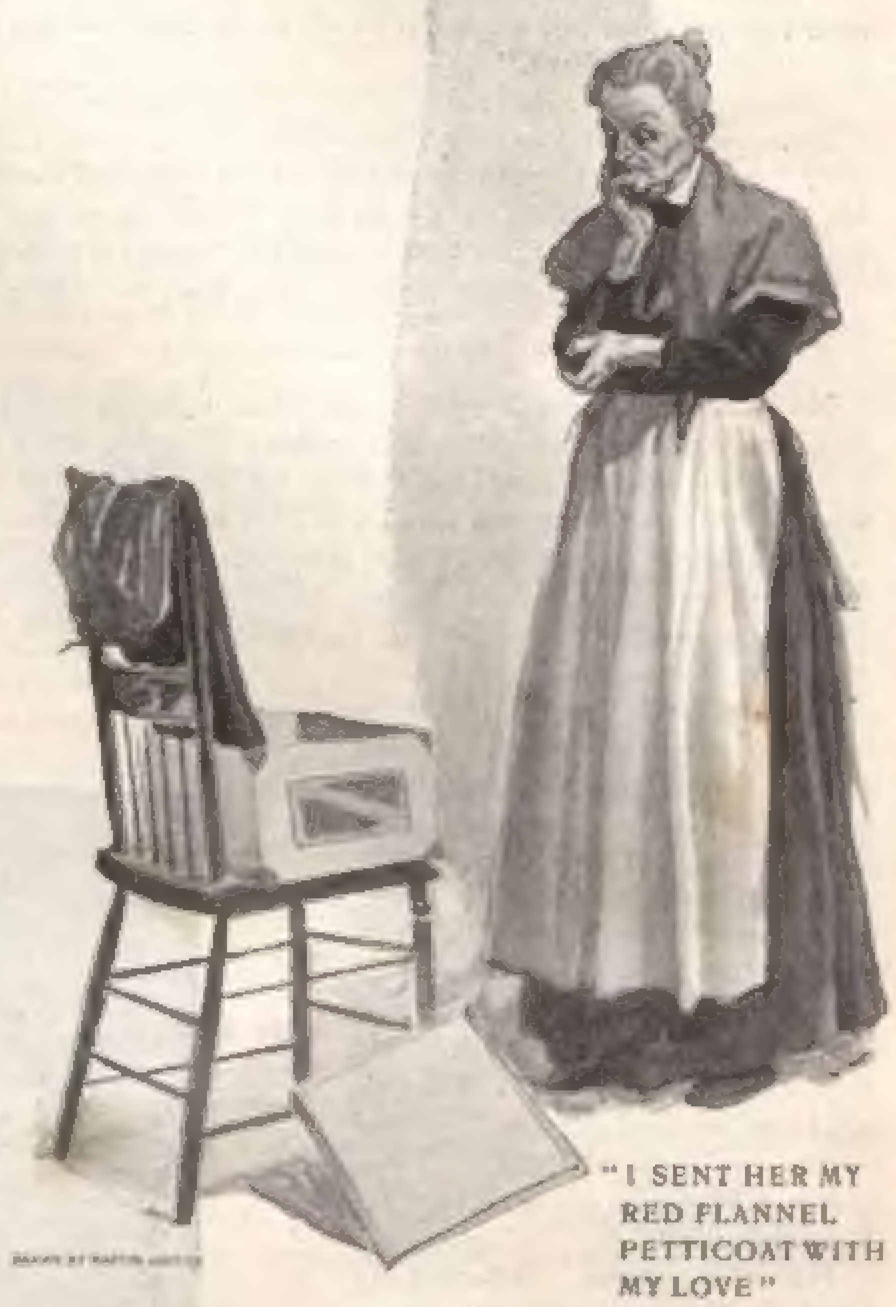
"Of course there is no hurry. And we are really a little cramped in this house. The nursery is much too small for the children and there is not a decent fruit tree in our garden."

"The thing can just stay open until we have time to consider."

"But I am so glad for dear old Isaac. We can take care of him, anyhow, and of Mrs. Clausen, too."

"To be sure," said George. "The obligation is sacred. Let me see, how much was it we thought Isaac ought to have?"

"Twelve hundred a year."



"I SENT HER MY RED FLANNEL PETTICOAT WITH MY LOVE"

"H-m-m," murmured George, "and he has two hundred now; an increase of five hundred per cent. I'm afraid it will turn the old man's head. However, I wouldn't exactly promise anything for a few days yet."

"Many a man in his station in life is happy upon a thousand."

"A thousand! Why, my dear, there is not a man of his class in town that makes six hundred."

"George?"

"Well?"

"We must keep horses, and there is no room to build a stable on this place."

"No."

"Could we live here and keep the horses in the General's stables across the way, even if the place were turned into a park?"

"That is worth thinking of."

"And George?"

"Well, dear?"

"It's a horrid thing to confess, but do you know, George, I've felt myself getting meaner and meaner and stingier and stingier ever since you brought the good news."

George tried to smile, but the effort was unsuccessful; he looked half-vexed and half-ashamed.

"Oh, I wouldn't put it just that way," he said. "The news is so exciting that we hardly know at once how to adjust ourselves to it. We are simply prudent. It would be folly to plunge ahead without any caution at all. How much did you say the debt of the Presbyterian Church is?"

"Six thousand, I think."

"A good deal for a little church like that to owe."

"Yes, but——"

"You didn't promise anything, Mary Jane, did you, to Mrs. Borrow?"

"No, for I had nothing to promise. But I did tell her on Sunday that I would help them liberally if I could."

"They will base large expectations on that, sure. I wish you hadn't said it just that way. Of course, we are bound to help them, but I should like to have a perfectly free hand in doing it."

There was silence for a moment, while both looked through the window at the General's place over the way.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Grimes.

"Lovely. That little annex on the side would make a snug den for me; and imagine the prospect from that south bedroom window! You would enjoy every look at it."

"George?"

"What?"

"George, dear, tell me frankly, do you really feel in your heart as generous as you did yesterday?"

"Now, my dear, why press that matter? Call it meaner or narrower or what you will; maybe I am a little more so than I was; but there is nothing to be ashamed of. It is the conservative instinct asserting itself; the very same faculty in man that holds society together. I will be liberal enough when the time comes, never fear. I am not going to disregard what one may call the pledges of a lifetime. We will treat everybody right, the Presbyterian Church and Mr. Borrow included. His salary is a thousand, I think you said?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm willing to make it fifteen hundred right now, if you are."

"We said, you remember, it ought to be two thousand."

"Who said so?"

"You did, on the porch here the other evening."

"I never said so. There isn't a preacher around here gets that much. The Episcopalians with their rich people only give eighteen hundred."

"And a house."

"Very well, the Presbyterians can build a house if they want to."

"You consent then to pledge five hundred more to the minister's salary?"

"I said I would if you would, but my advice is just to let the matter go over until to-morrow or next day, when the whole thing can be considered."

"Very well, but, George, sixty thousand dollars is a great deal of money, and we certainly can afford to be liberal with it, for the General's sake as well as for our own."

"Everything depends upon how you look at it. In one way the sum is large. In another way it isn't. General Jenkins had just twenty times sixty thousand. Tremendous, isn't it? He might just as well have left us another million. He is in Heaven and wouldn't miss it. Then we could have some of our plans more fully carried out."

"I hate to be thought covetous," answered Mrs. Grimes, "but I do wish he had put on that other million."

The next day Mr. Grimes, while sitting with his wife after supper, took a memorandum from his pocket and said:

"I've been jotting down some figures, Mary Jane, just to see how we will come out with our income of sixty thousand dollars."

"Well?"

"If we give the place across the street for a park and a library and a hundred thousand dollars with which to run it, we shall have just nine hundred thousand left."

"Yes."

"We shall want horses, say a carriage pair, and a horse for the station wagon. Then I must have a saddle horse and there must be a pony for the children. I thought also you might as well have a gentle pair for your own driving. That makes six. Then there will have to be, say, three stable men. Now, my notion is that we shall put up a larger house farther up town with all the necessary stabling. Count the cost of the house and suitable appointments, and add in the four months' trip to Europe which we decided yesterday to take next summer, and how much of that fifty-four thousand do you think we shall have left at the end of the year?"

"But why build the house from our income?"

"Mary Jane, I want to start out with the fixed idea that we will not cut into our principal."

"Well, how much will we have over?"

"Not a dollar! The outlay for the year will approximate fifty-six thousand dollars."

"Large, isn't it?"

"And yet I don't see how we can reduce it if we are to live as people in our circumstances might reasonably be expected to live."

"We must cut off something."

"That is what I think. If we give the park and the library building to the town why not let the town pay the cost of caring for them?"

"Then we could save the interest on that other hundred thousand."

"Exactly, and nobody will suffer. The gift of the property alone is magnificent. Who is going to complain of us? We will decide now to give the real estate and then stop."

Two days later Mr. Grimes came home early from the bank with a letter in his hand. He looked white and for a moment after entering his wife's room he could hardly command utterance.

"I have some bad news for you, dear—terrible news," he said, almost falling into a chair.

The thought flashed through Mrs. Grimes' mind that the General had made a later will which had been found and which revoked the bequest to George. She could hardly whisper:

"What is it?"

"The executors write to me that the million dollars left to me by the General draws only about four per cent. interest."

"George!"

"Four per cent.! Forty thousand dollars instead of sixty thousand! What a frightful loss! Twenty thousand dollars a year gone at one breath!"

"Are you sure, George?"

"Sure? Here is the letter. Read it yourself. One-third of our fortune swept away before we have a chance to touch it!"

"I think it was very unkind of the General to turn the four per cents. over to us while somebody else gets the six per cents. How *could* he do such a thing? And you such an old friend, too!"

"Mary Jane, that man always had a mean streak in him. I've said so to myself many a time. But, anyhow, this frightful loss settles one thing; we can't afford to give that property across the street to the town. We must move over there to live, and even then, with the huge expense of keeping such a place in order, we shall have to watch things narrowly to make ends meet."

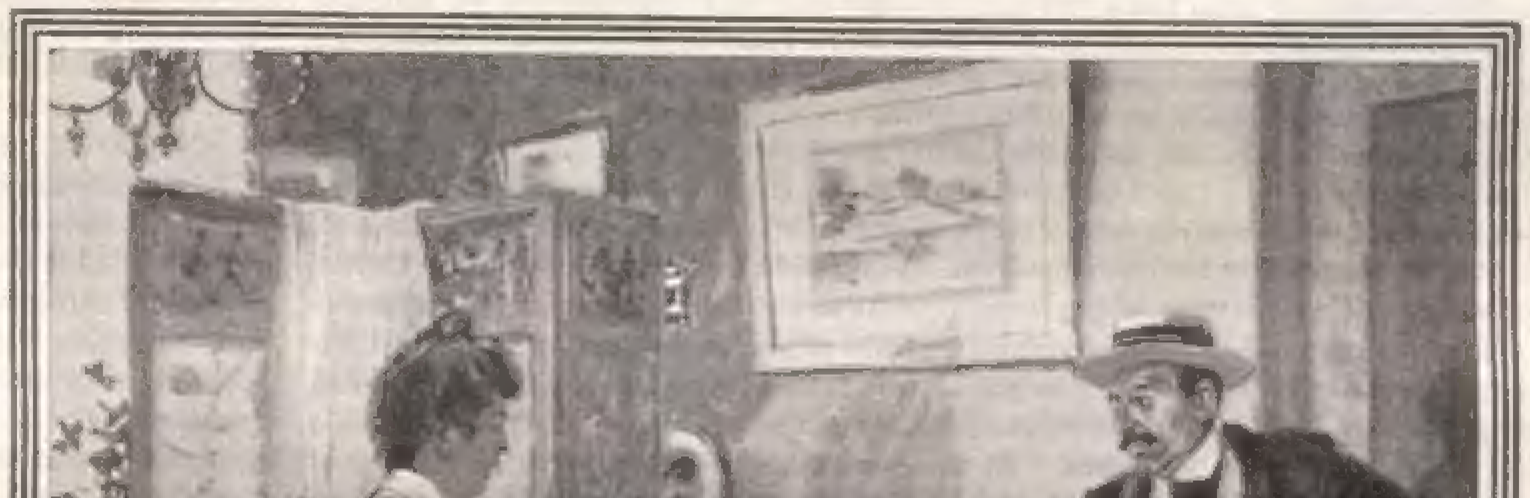
"And you never were good at retrenching, George."

"But we've *got* to retrench. Every superfluous expenditure must be cut off. As for the park and free library, that seems wild now, doesn't it? I don't regret abandoning the scheme. The people of this town never did appreciate public spirit or generosity, did they?"

"Never."

"I'm very sorry you spoke to Mrs. Borrow about helping their church. Do you think she remembers it?"

"She met me to-day and said they were expecting something handsome."



"I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU, DEAR—TERRIBLE NEWS"

Mr. Grimes laughed bitterly.

"That's always the way with those people. They are the worst beggars! When a lot of folks get together and start a church it is almost indecent for them to come running around to ask other folks to support it. I have half a notion not to give them a cent."

"Not even for Mr. Borrow's salary?"

"Certainly not! Half the clergymen in the United States get less than a thousand dollars a year; why can't he do as the rest do? Am I to be called upon to support a lot of poor preachers? A good deal of nerve is required, I think, to ask such a thing of me."

Two weeks afterward Mr. Grimes and his wife sat together again on the porch in the cool of the evening.

"Now," said Grimes, "let us together go over these charities we were talking about and be done with them. Let us start with the tough fact staring us in the face that, with only one million dollars at four per cent. and all our new and necessary expenses, we shall have to look sharp or I'll be borrowing money to live on in less than eight months."

"Well," said Mrs. Grimes, "what shall we cut out? Would you give up that Baptist organ that we used to talk about?"

"Mary Jane, it is really surprising how you let such things as that stay in your mind. I considered that organ scheme abandoned long ago."

"Is it worth while, do you think, to do anything with the Methodist Church mortgage?"

"How much is it?"

"Three thousand dollars, I think."

"Yes, three thousand from forty thousand leaves us only thirty-seven thousand. Then, if we do it for the Methodists we shall have to do it for the Lutherans and the Presbyterians and swarms of churches all around the country. We can't make flesh of one and fowl of another. It will be safer to treat them all alike; and more just, too. I think we ought to try to be just with them, don't you, Mary Jane?"

"And Mr. Borrow's salary?"

"Ha! Yes! That is a thousand dollars, isn't it? It does seem but a trifle. But they have no children and they have themselves completely adjusted to it. And suppose we should raise it one year and die next year? He would feel worse than if he just went along in the old way. When a man is fully adjusted to a thing it is the part of prudence, it seems to me, just to let him alone."

"I wish we could——"

"Oh, well, if you want it; but I propose that we don't make them the offer until next year or the year after. We shall have our matters arranged better by that time."

"And now about Isaac Wickersham?"

"Have you seen him lately?"

"Two or three days ago."

"Did he seem discontented or unhappy?"

"No."

"You promised to help him?"

"What I said was, 'We are going to do something for you, Isaac.'"

"Something! That commits us to nothing in particular. Was it your idea, Mary Jane, to make him an allowance?"

"Yes."

"There you cut into our insufficient income again. I don't see how we can afford it with all these expenses heaping up on us; really I don't."

"But we must give him something; I promised it."

George thought a moment and then said:

"This is the end of September and I sha'n't want this straw hat that I have been wearing all summer. Suppose you give him that. A good straw hat is 'something.'"

"You remember Mrs. Clausen, George?"

"Have we got to load up with her, too?"

"Let me explain. You recall that I told her I would try to make her comfortable, and when I found that our circumstances were going to be really straitened, I sent her my red flannel petticoat with my love, for I know she can be comfortable in that."

"Of course she can."

"So this afternoon when I came up from the city she got out of the train with me and I felt so half-ashamed of the gift that I pretended not to see her and hurried out to the carriage and drove quickly up the hill. She is afraid of horses, anyhow."

"Always was," said George.

"But, George, I don't feel quite right about it yet; the gift of a petticoat is rather stingy, isn't it?"

"No, I don't think so."

"And, George, to be perfectly honest with ourselves now, don't you think we are a little bit meaner than we were, say, last June?"

George cleared his throat and hesitated, and then he said:

"I admit nothing, excepting that the only people who are fit to have money are the people who know how to take care of it."

MEN AND MEASURES

By Charles Emory Smith

THE CHANGE IN THE CHARACTER OF FOREIGN REPRESENTATION AT WASHINGTON. MR. BOWEN'S VIGOROUS CONDUCT OF VENEZUELA'S CASE. THE CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE TRUSTS

THE diplomatic corps at Washington used to be chiefly the dazzling ornament of society. The foreign representative was the pet of the parlor, and little more. With the extraordinary advance in the position of the United States among the world Powers our capital has become one of the centres of world activities, and the diplomats have something to do. The recent prolonged pourparlers through which the Venezuelan settlement was reached brought out impressively two things—first, the increasing importance of Washington as a diplomatic focus, and, second, the sweeping change in the personnel of the corps.

As the dispute involved an American country and the Venezuelan representative was the American Minister, it was natural and convenient that the conferences should be held at Washington. Yet they might have been held at London, and under the old order of things probably would have been. To locate them at our capital was undoubtedly to recognize and facilitate the friendly and advisory, not to say supervisory, interest of our Government. The three representatives who conducted the negotiations on behalf of the European allies were all men who had just taken up their missions. The death of Lord Pauncefote and the retirement of Holleben and Fava had removed the old landmarks, and when to this reconstruction is added the transfer of Cambon and of several of the minor Ministers it indicates how largely the corps has been transformed.

Of the European negotiators Baron Speck von Sternberg is the most active and interesting figure. He belongs to the new school of diplomacy—the school which is frank, direct, open and outspoken, which seeks the truth and does not seek to escape it by sticking the head in the sand. He came over here to tell the Berlin Foreign Office the facts as he found them and not as the Foreign Office wanted to hear them. He reported American sentiment as it was, and not as Berlin imagined and desired it to be. There are diplomats who give the home office what they think it wishes to believe and not what it ought to know. Baron Speck is not one of these. Throughout his career he has been distinguished for telling the truth, whether altogether palatable or not. He was once recalled and humiliated for his plain speaking, but he now has personal standing enough with the Kaiser to be safe in giving the facts as he sees them.

Von Sternberg's Share in the Affair

IF THE German demands on Venezuela seemed arbitrary and excessive in the settlement as it was finally made, there is good reason to believe that they would have been more harsh and exacting if the moderating and restraining influence of Baron Speck had not been exercised. When it was supposed that all points of difference had been adjusted and an agreement reached new requirements were unexpectedly imposed. The autocratic will and the mailed hand were plain in these exactions. The energetic remonstrance and admonition of Baron Speck resulted in a modification, but even as it is Germany secures an advantage over her allies. If she does this at the expense of their distrust and of her own good faith, it may prove in the long run to be a costly gain. But there can be no criticism of the German representative. He promptly recognized the conditions on this side. He was quick to see the American feeling and to understand that it was not wise to trifle with it. He is alert and dexterous, and, though handicapped in taking up an unfinished work, he was clever and discreet in handling it within his limitations.

After the President had declined to arbitrate the general issue it was foolish to ask him to arbitrate the minor question of preferential treatment for the blockading Powers. His negative was certain. It is safe to say that Baron Speck did not approve that suggestion. As he is not an Ambassador, but has Ambassadors as his colleagues, he was playing the difficult rôle of being a leading actor in a secondary part, and though his name appeared on the paper with the others, it was his hand without his head. No little finesse was required in preserving apparent unanimity of action where there was not entire unanimity of judgment and method.

The new British Ambassador has made an agreeable impression in Washington. Sir Michael Herbert is a genial, unaffected and attractive gentleman. He enters into life at the capital with kindly and sympathetic spirit, and is sure to be popular in the social circle. He has shown on two or three occasions that he can speak in a graceful and tactful way, and his footing with the nimble wits and good fellowship of the Gridiron Club has been promptly established. In the Venezuelan negotiations he has had little independent and original power. He was simply the medium of his Government, and was once reminded rather pointedly that it was his business to obey instructions. The Italian Ambassador, though senior in order of precedence, stood for the Power with least voice and influence, and naturally left the leadership to his associates.

It was against these men, and still more against their Governments, that Mr. Bowen was pitted. He was well fitted for the rôle he had to play. Representing the feeblest of the nations he was the most assertive and peremptory of the negotiators. Standing on the defensive, he was the most aggressive and positive in his tactics. Physically commanding, intellectually vigorous, temperamentally bold and decisive, with quick perceptions, clear purpose, resolute tone and dominating manner, he had the right bearing and the right qualities to make the most of the position in which he was placed.

How Plain Talk Won the Day

THE influence he had gained over Castro was remarkable. He went to Caracas when the relations between Venezuela and the United States were strained over the usurpations and rapacity of the Venezuelan Government respecting the rival claims of American citizens, and he at once adopted an energetic attitude. Rarely is a ruler treated to such plain speaking by the representative of another Power. Castro found that in the American Minister he had a fearless observer who knew his designs and who did not hesitate to tell him the truth to his face. The very frankness, directness and boldness of Mr. Bowen seemed to win his confidence, and when he found the allies pressing him he put his whole case in Mr. Bowen's hands.

The American Minister was in a unique situation. England and Germany were seeking the approval of the United States in their proceeding. Venezuela was dependent on the United States for protection. All roads led to Rome and all interests led to the American Minister. His personality enforced his representative position. When England and Germany withdrew their Ministers they placed the care of their nationals in his hands. At the same time he was the trusted adviser of Castro. His quality was shown at the outset in a characteristic act. Castro answered the English and German menace by seizing the English and German nationals and thrusting them into prison. Immediately Mr. Bowen hastened to the palace, pointed out the folly of this rash act, insisted on their instant release, and secured it.

When the issue passed to the stage of negotiations Castro made him his plenipotentiary. Then Mr. Bowen came to Washington with plenary powers. Note how he played his game. He first armed himself with full authority to arrange a settlement or arbitration of the claims of all nations against Venezuela. He next exhibited his credentials to the blockading Powers, received their recognition and announced his readiness to proceed. He then informed the neutral nations that he was empowered to settle their claims also, and skillfully arrayed them against the demand of the blockading Powers to be treated as preferred creditors. He thus gained the moral influence of the majority of nations, including the United States, for his side.

England and Germany had yielded much. They had agreed to raise the blockade; they had agreed to adjudicate the unadmitted claims with Venezuela without formal arbitration; they had agreed to accept only a part of the thirty per cent. reservation of the custom revenues in satisfaction of their claims; and they were unwilling to yield the last point of all and surrender all demand for preference after all their demonstration. Then Mr. Bowen played his trump card. "It will take six years or more," he said, "to pay the claims under the proposed arrangement; if the allies are to have any preferential treatment it means that they are to stand together or tie their hands for that period, and it will cause surprise and disappointment to learn that England has entered into an alliance with Germany or limited her freedom of action on an American question for six years or more."

That was a shaft that pierced to the quick. It was sure to arouse American feeling. It was sure to open the eyes of the English people to the danger of an American estrangement and to intensify the already wide unpopularity of the alliance. Such a blunt declaration was resented as shocking to sensitive and diplomatic nerves. In personal intercourse it was probably put with trenchant force and not in any soft and sinuous way, and its immediate publication to affect public opinion was quite contrary to the old code. It was called "shirt-sleeve diplomacy." There could be no further discussion of the question with a diplomat who struck out in that fashion. But it was all that was left of the controversy, and it must be settled in some way. The allies committed the blunder of invoking the arbitration of the President, and when he declined, as he was sure to do, there was no recourse but to refer it to The Hague Tribunal. Thus we have the paradox of the Tribunal established for the express purpose of promoting the ways of peace being asked to decide that the resort to war gives preferred rights!

This is an outcome with which both Venezuela and the United States may be very well satisfied. If the curtain were lifted on all that took place behind the scenes it would doubtless be found that our Government deemed it expedient to guide Mr. Bowen somewhat in these negotiations, and it might be revealed that his methods were his own. Secretary Hay has such skill in masking the keenest blow with the velvet touch that, though incisive and outspoken, he probably would have suggested the deft rather than the brusque delivery.

But American diplomacy, though somewhat varied in its methods according to the men, generally accomplishes its objects. Throughout its history it has had signal success, and it succeeds because, though we have no diplomatic school or career, and few trained diplomats, our representatives have for the most part been successful men of affairs, who have gained experience and shown capacity in the practical work of life. They treat diplomacy as they treat other work that may fall to them, as requiring a distinct object, an intelligent understanding of facts, a clear grasp of right principles and a very direct method of going at the end in view. If they have generally prevailed in their diplomatic contests it is because they have been more resourceful men, with less intricate relations and complicated interests to serve and with a more direct and vigorous way of moving straight to the mark.

A Tribute to Senator Cockrell

THE marriage of Senator Cockrell's daughter has furnished the occasion of a striking demonstration of the great esteem felt for the veteran Missouri Senator by his associates without distinction of party. The general purpose of "Men and Measures" cannot be better served than in turning aside for a moment from the more showy figures and the more spectacular exhibitions, and in aiding a broader recognition and appreciation of one of the most useful men in public life. Senator Cockrell is not so conspicuous in the public eye as some others. He is not a brilliant gladiator like his colleague who, after a long and shining career, is just leaving the Senate. But in the actual work of practical legislation relating to all branches of government this unassuming man is one of the most efficient and valuable forces in Washington.

Mr. Cockrell has been in the Senate twenty-eight years, and during all that time has devoted himself to his public work with a conscientious assiduity equaled by few. He is a member of the two great Committees of Appropriations and Military Affairs. He is also one of the Committee on Rules, which no one understands better than he, and, though belonging to the minority, he is chairman of Engrossed Bills, so that every measure which is enacted passes through his careful hands. Some years ago he served on the special committee which made a minute and exhaustive examination of all departments of the Government and of their construction and operation. As the result of this experience no man understands all the machinery of the Government better than he does, and he fairly divides with Senator Allison the distinction of having the largest information and being the highest authority on the whole range of Governmental administration.

Best of all, he fills his great position in the truest and worthiest public spirit. He is a Democrat from a Southern State, and on partisan issues he stands with his party; but on a question of meeting a public necessity or advancing a just public interest no partisanship sways his judgment or impairs his usefulness. He is an ex-Confederate soldier, but he is none the less a genuine patriot, and he brings to the consideration of the multiplied questions of public concern which come before him a true patriotic spirit.

The Closing of the Trust Campaign

THE completion of the program of anti-trust legislation was accomplished in the end with less friction and more apparent ease than was anticipated. The perfection of the work three weeks before the close of the session and without any serious struggle baffled many calculations. It was the result of good tactics and of effective work behind the scenes. The persuasion which did not come in open argument was exercised in private appeal. The President's personal presentation of the case to the leading Senators was conclusive, and his evident command of an irresistible public sentiment carried acquiescence, if not hearty consent. The fact of what may be the most important domestic legislation of years going through the Senate without any debate whatever and through the House with only nominal debate is a curious and interesting development. The discussion was really before the people and not in the legislative chambers, and the result is a striking example of the power of public opinion.

There was a sort of singular mystery without being any real secret about the elusive telegrams from trust magnates which were supposed to aid action at the last, if they did not precipitate it. Just before the publicity amendment to the Department of Commerce bill was to be reported the whole country suddenly rang with the uproar of the telegrams protesting against it, and insisting that it must be stopped. Immediately the revelation made its passage doubly sure. But not one of the telegrams has been actually caught. The one to Senator Quay does not count, for that was outside of the group and was part of a correspondence. The real broadside went to eight or nine Senators. The President instantly knew it and quickly recognized the weapon that had been placed in his hand. The friends who visited the executive office on that memorable Saturday morning—and there happened to be some from out of town—knew it. Within twenty-four hours the country knew it, and if there was any opposition to the publicity amendment it was silenced. But the Senators withdrew within their shells, and the telegrams, though perfectly well known in Washington and an entirely legitimate expression of opinion and interest if they had been more discreet, have not been publicly identified.

The points covered by the acts which comprise the anti-trust legislation are precisely as described in these columns four weeks ago.

The question of reposing the power of supervision and investigation in a commission like the Interstate Commerce Commission or in a permanent executive bureau was a crucial issue in the judgment of many conservative business men. It was wisely decided in favor of the executive bureau. This guards against excessive disturbance and assures responsible and self-contained oversight. Instead of making the requirement of reports and publicity arbitrary and universal, it is left to be applied where needful at the discretion of the Commissioner and practically of the President. This opens the way to the protection of the public without exposing legitimate and unquestioned business to needless intrusion. There has been a widespread impression that the Littlefield bill embodied the views and plans of Attorney-General Knox. This is entirely incorrect. The Attorney-General put himself in communication with Mr. Littlefield and the members of the House Committee, but for the purpose of restraining and moderating their extreme plans. The measure as they conceived it was thus modified, but it still raised doubtful questions and proposed radical action. Though carried through the House it was laid aside in the scheme of responsible legislation, and any modification in Senator Hoar's committee will meet the same fate. President Roosevelt's Administration has accomplished the new departure, but will inaugurate it in a conservative and experimental way.

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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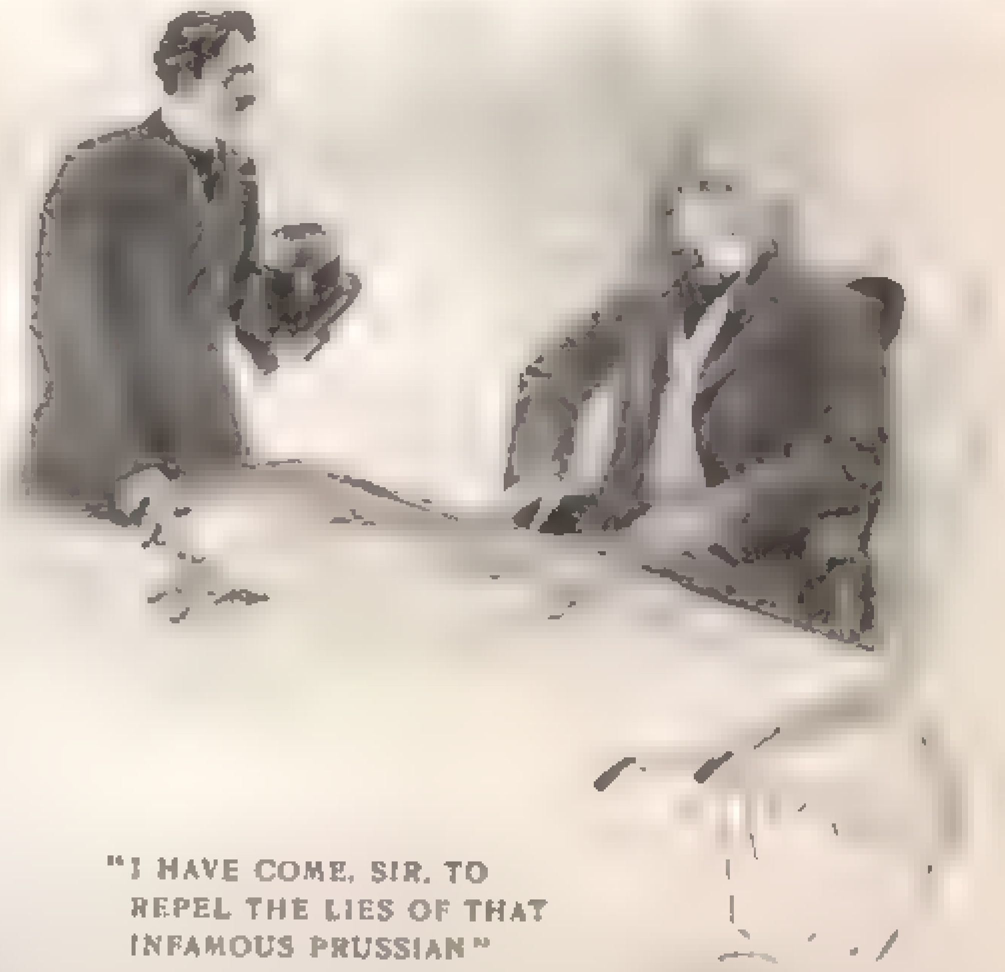


"I HAVE COME, SIR, TO REPEL THE LIES OF THAT INFAMOUS PRUSSIAN"

XIV

SHE went straight to her father with the whole story. He listened sitting at his desk, balancing a broad ivory paper-cutter on his forefinger. She felt much better when she had finished; her anger seemed to have been carried off in her words.

After a long silence her father said: "What do you wish to do?"

She looked foolish. "I don't know, papa," she said feebly. "What do you think we ought to do?"

"He may have been honestly deceived."

"But Mr. Macready said——"

"That was merely his offhand opinion," he interrupted. "They've been making imitation jewels of all kinds for years. I know the Italians have long been clever at it."

Elsie was silent. She could not help remembering Rontivogli's stupid, overcrafty reiterations. She knew that he knew.

"And," continued her father, examining the paper-cutter critically, "there isn't the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of Prince Rontivogli himself."

Another long silence during which neither father nor daughter showed the slightest curiosity as to what thoughts the other's face might be revealing.

"Even if he did willfully deceive in this—not vitally important—matter," continued the aspirant for a princess daughter, "I can imagine many extenuating circumstances. It isn't the young man's fault that he's poor. It isn't unnatural that he shouldn't wish to expose his poverty—especially if he"—the Senator's face took on a smile of fatherly benevolence—"happened to care for the young lady. 'All's fair in love and war,' you know. And we must not judge harshly those who have less than we have. Still——"

Rontivogli's "temperament" was vigorously reënforcing his title in repairing the havoc the false jewel had played with him in Elsie's mind. He had been a convincing lover; Elsie had too much vanity and too much desire to be loved madly not to be a credulous young woman. "I don't know what to do, papa," she said in the tone that proclaims a decision reached and a wish for support in it.

"Perhaps," replied the Senator slowly, the picture of forgiving charity, "it might be best to let the matter drop."

"But I simply can't wear the ring! I'd feel such a fraud, and I'd soon be disliking him, though this may not be at all his fault. Besides, some one might——"

"That could be easily arranged." Her father's eyes twinkled—he was preparing to treat the discovered deception as a little private joke on the prince between his daughter and himself. "We can get Tiffany to set an emerald in the ring. No one will know. And some day you can tease him about it. If he is innocent, it would mortify him horribly to learn the truth now, wouldn't it?"

Elsie smiled somewhat cheerfully. She was trying hard to make herself doubt the prince's guilty knowledge. "It must be done right away," she said.

She wore her gloves that afternoon. But Rontivogli, with nerves like a sensitive plant's leaves, felt a change in her, hard though she tried to seem unchanged. In the clear light of hind-sight he had been cursing himself for saying so much to her of Madame Almansa's insinuations; and at first he feared that by his blundering he had roused suspicion in her. But she showed that she was still in the mood to marry him, and the negotiations for settlements went smoothly on between Senator Pope's lawyer and the attorney to the Italian Embassy, whom he had engaged to represent him; he dismissed his fear as a wild imagining of guilt and set himself to remove the coolness just under Elsie's surface of warmth by lavishing his "temperament" upon her. And he was rewarded with swift success. A flaw in such a lover was as inconsequential as a flaw in an emerald—and was it not as much a matter of course?

Toward the end of the week she went with her father to New York, and in two days Tiffany changed the setting for a consideration of four thousand eight hundred dollars. She returned to Washington fully restored—but she kept the false jewel. The shock and its after-effects were over now. She was a little astonished that she, so used to the quaint ways of foreigners, should have attached importance to the quaintness of this foreigner—a lover who was fiery and infatuated, a lover who sang, a lover who was a Prince of a "house" that ruled and plotted and patronized the arts when Europe beyond the Alps was a savage wilderness. Rontivogli had not been studying women for twenty years—or ever since he was eighteen—aided by a classic face, a classic figure, a classic name and classic recklessness, without learning thoroughly the business he was now following.

Frothingham had ceased to hope, and, for lack of any other opening, was arranging to go to Chicago, there to visit his steamer friend Barney whom he had not permitted to forget him—Barney had a marriageable daughter and was rated at eleven millions; also, Chicago was reputed to be a promising field for titled foreigners. He felt that he was neglecting business in lingering at Washington. He saw no signs, heard no news, of available rich girls or rich men's daughters. Half a dozen questions about any girl and he would get an answer that would force him to strike her from his list—the father was opposed to large settlements; the family was opposed to international marriages; the family's social ambitions were of the new cis-Atlantic kind; the daughter was already engaged; the mother's aim was for princely or ducal rank. And he was kept in low spirits by the spectacle of the triumphant Rontivogli, and was exasperated by Elsie's treating him as an object of pity, a rejected and inconsolable lover.

As he sat alone in a corner of the club, staring with grim satire into the ugly face of his affairs, upon him intruded a man whom he had often described as the most viciously tiresome person he had ever met—Count Eitel zu Blickenstern. He disliked Blickenstern because he was a German; he avoided him because he was dull, because he was a chronic and ingenious borrower of small sums of money, and because every remark that seemed to him to have been intended humorously was hailed by him with a loud, mirthless laugh—the laugh of those who have no notion of wit or humor and fear their deformity will be discovered.

Frothingham had first met Blickenstern in the Riviera, where he was living on the last [illegible] of tolerance. He would have cut him when he ran across him in New York had he not found him in high favor with the women who dominated fashionable society. They admitted Blickenstern as they admitted almost any of the few available men with no occupation but idleness. They needed escorts, attendants, fetch-and-carry men; Blickenstern was idle and willing, was big and always well dressed, was useful to do the hard work of arranging an entertainment once it had been planned. And his noisy convulsions flattered those unaccustomed to having their jokes appreciated.

Frothingham's cold stare did not disturb Blickenstern, born insensible to mental temperatures. He posed for a moment to give Frothingham a chance to admire his fashionable array of new light gray frock suit, white spats, orchid in buttonhole and dark red tie; then he dropped upon the lounge with the good-natured, slightly condescending greeting he gave men when he had money in his pockets. He explained that he had come the night before in a private car with a party of distinguished New Yorkers who had to testify before a Senate committee. "And, do you know," said he—his English was idiomatic American and almost without accent, "the first person I ran into was that Italian scalawag, Rontivogli."

Frothingham's eyeglass glistened; otherwise he did not change expression. "D' you know 'im?" he asked languidly.

"Know 'im?" replied Blickenstern. "Rather! I'm responsible for him in this country. He landed without a friend, and the people he had letters to shut the door in his face—they don't fancy Italians in New York. I introduced him round and got him in everywhere. And, by gad, he not only refused to pay a note he gave me, but when I met him here last night he stared at me as if he'd never seen me before."

"Rough, wasn't it?"

Blickenstern laughed cheerfully, without a trace of irritation. Insults did not disturb him; he had killed one man and had wounded several in duels, but he fought only because it was the "proper thing for a gentleman"—and respect-inspiring in certain countries and in certain circumstances. "I'm off for home next week," he said, "never to return to this bounder-land. I think, just before I go, I'll get the face value of that note and interest—and not in money, either."

Blickenstern had several drinks "on" Frothingham—half a dozen in as rapid succession as Frothingham could induce. But he refused to disclose his proposed revenge; only chuckled, "I'll bet the dago'll leave on the first steamer after I sail."

Frothingham got Boughton to attempt Blickenstern, and Boughton not only tried it himself but also put at work a friend of his in the German Embassy. Blickenstern, however, would not go beyond waggling his big blond head and saying, "Wait! I don't want to spoil the fun." The military attaché at the German Embassy was with him when he met

Rontivogli again. "I'll give the guinea one more chance," said he, overflowing with good nature as always when he had drunk to excess. It was the office of the Shoreham and Rontivogli was on his way out; Blickenstern bore down upon him, caught him by the lapel.

"I'm giving you your last chance, Cosimo," he said. "You'd better pay up."

"If you don't take your hands off me," exclaimed Rontivogli in French, "I'll have you put into the street." The look in his black eyes suggested the glitter of a stiletto

Blickenstern shook him gently. "If you don't pay that note," he replied with unruffled good nature, "I'll publish it and the contract also. I'm leaving the country and don't care what they think of me here. But you—I hear you're about to marry?"

Rontivogli grew yellow under the bronze of his clear, pale skin. "I tell you, I can't pay the note. You know it. You drove me out of New York with your dogging and dunning me. In a few weeks I can pay, and will."

"Yes—when you're married." Blickenstern laughed loudly and not hollowly—here was a joke he could see. "What do you think I am—an imbecile? Don't I know that as soon as you're married you can snap your fingers—and will?"

Rontivogli disengaged himself and readjusted his close-fitting coat. "I'm certain you will not lay yourself liable to arrest for blackmail," he said with calm contempt and went on to his carriage

Blickenstern looked after him, nodding and laughing. "Just wait!" he said, addressing his fellow-German and including the curious loungers in the office.

Frothingham searched for Blickenstern—he had a vague idea of taking him to call at the Popes. But he could not find him. He did see Rontivogli, however—one glance was enough to tell him that Blickenstern's threats had devoured his high spirits and were eating into his courage. He waited impatiently for the explosion—a five days' wait, for it did not come until the following Tuesday. That morning, as Hutt went out of his bedroom after fixing his bath, Joe Wallingford called from their common sitting room

"You're awake, aren't you?"

"Almost," answered Frothingham

"Then just read that." He flung a newspaper through the crack in Frothingham's door on to his bed.

Frothingham took the paper and instantly caught the names of Rontivogli and Blickenstern in the largest headlines. He began eagerly upon a three-column article, the most of it under a New York date line

"Ain't that cruel?" called Wallingford. "Ain't it a soaker?"

"Um," replied Frothingham, too busy to pause

It was an account of a suit brought by Blickenstern against Rontivogli to collect a note for twenty-five hundred dollars The "sensation" lay in a document which Blickenstern had attached to the note and had filed with the papers in the suit—a contract, reading

> I Cosimo di Rontivogli, hereby agree to pay Count Eitel zu Blickenstern twenty-five hundred dollars as soon as he has introduced me to the persons whose names are written upon the back of this contract in my handwriting. And I further agree to pay him an additional twenty-five hundred dollars within one month after I become engaged to an American lady, whether or not I am introduced to her by him. And I further agree to pay him an additional ten thousand dollars within three months after my marriage with an American lady, whether or not he introduces me to her.
>
> (Signed) COSIMO DI RONTIVOGLI.

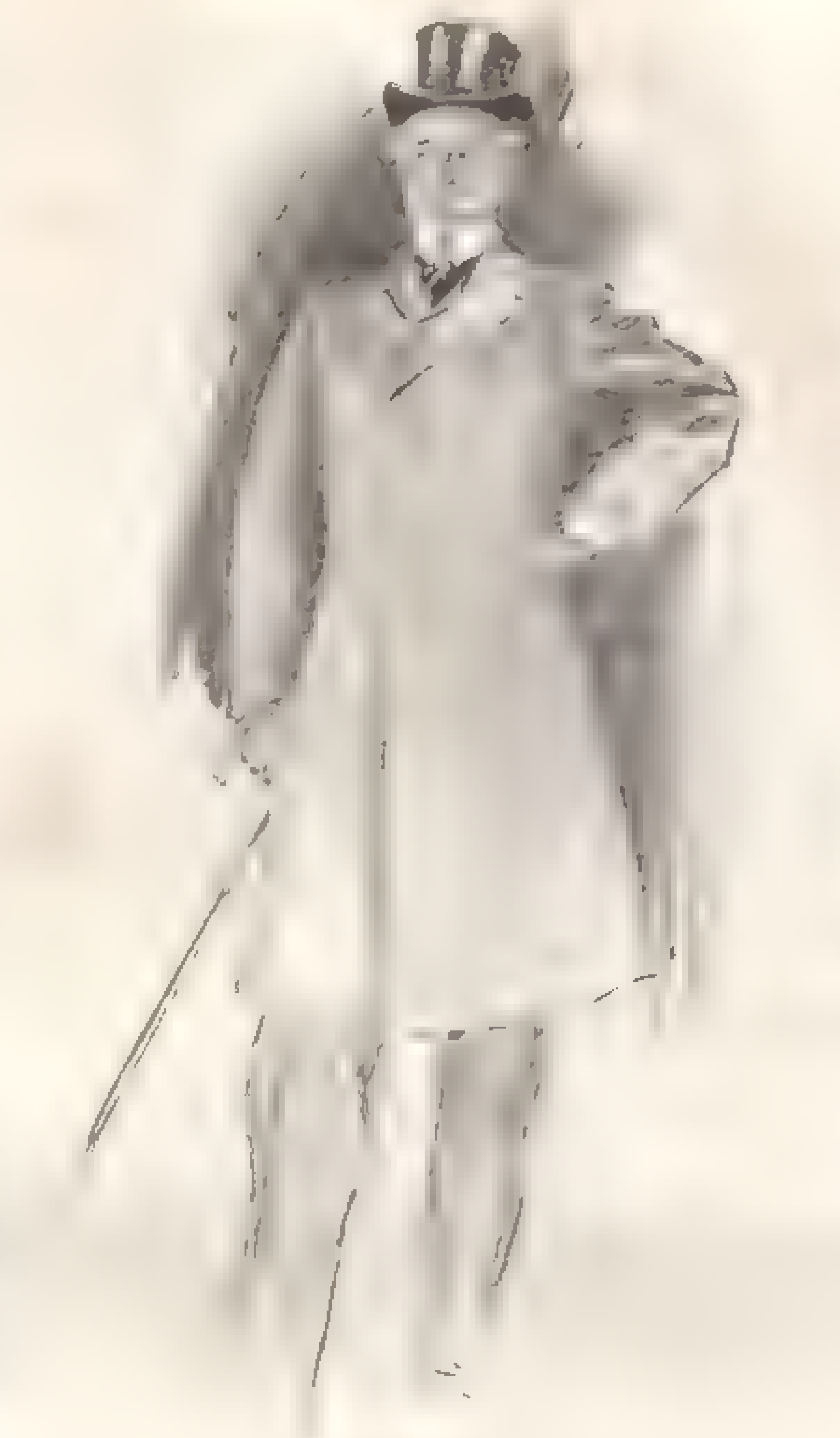
This contract, the newspaper said, was in Rontivogli's autograph, and was witnessed by two clerks at the Holland House; on the back of the contract, and also in Rontivogli's autograph, were the names of fifteen fashionable and rich New York women. Frothingham glanced at the names—he knew the bearers of most of them—and hastened on into Blickenstern's interview. "In Europe," he had said to the reporter, "I should call the fellow out and kill him. Here, where the duel does not exist, I must take the only redress open to me for his betrayal of my friendship. I asked him to pay only the note. In fact he owes me five thousand more, as he is now engaged to a Washington heiress. He is a black rascal. If you will send to Milan you can get a fine tale of how he happened to come to your country. I owe all my American friends an apology for introducing him. I confess with shame that but for me he would have known no one."

The article went on with an account of Rontivogli's engagement to "Miss Elsie Pope, one of the best-known young women in Washington, Philadelphia and New York society, the only daughter of Senator John C. Pope, reputed to be the third richest man in the Millionaires' Club, as the Senate is called." Then followed Rontivogli's sweeping denial and his denunciation of the Prussian as a "blackmailer," a "notorious card sharp," a "thorough scoundrel."

When Frothingham finished he said, "God, what a facer for Miss Pope!"

"Isn't it, though?" replied Wallingford. "And for her father. I always blame the fathers."

"But I thought it was the mothers who hankered after European marriages," said Frothingham.



COUNT EITEL
ZU BLICKENSTERN

"That's what is usually said," Wallingford answered, "because only the mothers appear in the public part of the business. But who gives up the money for the settlements? The women ain't a nose ahead of the men in the race of snobbishness. Poor little Elsie Pope! This ought to be a lesson to our girls against——"

He paused abruptly and reddened, though Frothingham could not see him. "I almost forgot that Frothingham's one of 'em," he said to himself

Frothingham was grinning in the seclusion of his bedroom "I should say so!" he exclaimed in his drawling, satirical voice. "Wonder what the Milan yarn is?"

He learned in a few hours, for the Washington afternoon papers had a long Associated Press dispatch from Milan. Rontivogli, heavily in debt and ruined, had been backed by a syndicate of his creditors for an American tour in search of an heiress. They had risked in the venture forty thousand lire and, within a month, an additional twenty thousand. They regarded it as a by no means desperate investment for the recovery of the very large sum which Rontivogli had got out of them before they discovered his financial plight—certainly with such a title and so much personal beauty and charm he could win the daughter of one of the multitude of rich men among those title-crazy American vulgarians. The Milan dispatch set forth that the correspondent had had no difficulty in getting the facts, as "every one here knows the story. The formation of such syndicates is said to be common in England, France, Germany, Austria and Italy, and many of them have been successful."

"Poor Frothingham!" Wallingford thought as he read. "This is bad for his business. I fancy it'll be many a day before I see my thousand again." And then he delicately gave Frothingham a hint that if he needed another thousand he could have it. But Frothingham didn't need it just then—and, it should be set down to his credit, he would have hesitated long before taking it, had he needed it Wallingford was not wrong in thinking there had been since he first knew Frothingham a marked decline in his "honor as a gentleman," and a marked rise in his "honor as a man."

Rontivogli went to the Popes at eleven o'clock that morning. The look of the flunky who opened the door foreshadowed to him his fate. He was shown not into the drawing-room but into a reception-room—a small alcove to the left of the door, intended for wraps rather than for callers. The footman returned with a package on his tray. "Miss Pope is not at 'ome," he said haughtily, omitting the customary "Your 'Ighness" and not even substituting so much as a "Sir" for it, "and she left this to be given to you."

Rontivogli ignored the impudences of omitting his title and of addressing him as "you" and took the package. The footman held aside the portière with the broadest possible hint in his face and manner.

"Tell Senator Pope that the Prince di Rontivogli wishes to see him," said Rontivogli in a tone which at once reduced the footman, in spite of himself, from a human being to a mechanical device for the transmission of messages.

When he hesitatingly withdrew Rontivogli opened the package—his ring with the stone unset and loose in the box. He solved the puzzle almost as soon as it was presented to him He scowled, then gave a short, sneering laugh, put the lid on the box and thrust it into the tail pocket of his frock coat.

Senator Pope received him in his study, rising and bowing without advancing or extending his hand. He was serious, but bland—he did not know how to be brusque or even unkind in manner; he did know how to be diplomatic.

"I have come, sir, to repel the lies of that infamous Prussian," began Rontivogli with suppressed passion.

"You will, I trust, not distress me with the painful subject," said Pope slowly and gently. "We know that the Count has maligned you. But you, as a gentleman, must appreciate how terrible the notoriety is to us all. I assume that you have come to relieve the young lady of the embarrassment of the situation."

Rontivogli lost control of himself, raved, paced the floor, pleaded, denounced, threatened even. But Pope, sympathetic and in the proper places tenderly sorrowful, pressed in upon the Prince his and Elsie's unchangeable determination. At last Rontivogli gave up the useless battle and drew the box from his pocket. "Your daughter," he said, "sent me by a servant this broken ring. The stone has been removed and to my astonishment I find that a false emerald has been substituted." His voice and manner were apologetic, deprecatory, as if Senator Pope owed him an explanation which he was loth to demand.

He opened the box and exhibited its contents to Pope, who looked with polite interest. "The stone has become detached," was all he said.

"But why was it not returned to me?" asked Rontivogli. "Why this false emerald in its place?"

"It is the same stone," said Pope. His tone was absent as if he were thinking of something else.

"It is not!" Rontivogli's voice was bold and hard, a covert threat in it.

They looked each the other straight in the eyes—Pope inquiringly, the Italian defiantly. Then Pope said: "Ah! Excuse me one moment."

He left the room, muttering as he reached the hall, "The miserable swindler! He knows we won't have any further scandal, no matter what it costs." When he returned he had in his hand the emerald he and Elsie had bought at Tiffany's. He laid it on the corner of the desk nearest Rontivogli

"This is a genuine emerald," he said, his voice neither hot nor cold. "You may take *it*—if you like."

"I thank you," replied Rontivogli with a slight bow of acknowledgment, as if a wrong to him had been righted.

He put the emerald and the ring in his waistcoat pocket; he put the box, with the false emerald in it, on the corner of the desk exactly where Senator Pope had laid the genuine stone. Then he went on, in a way that was the perfection of courtesy: "May I presume further on your kindness? This German cur has placed me in a distressing position. I wish to leave America at once, to return where a gentleman cannot be thus attacked without defense. Unfortunately——" He hesitated with a fine affectation of delicacy.

Senator Pope's eyes were more disagreeable to look at than any human being had ever before seen them. "I shall be glad to give you any *reasonable* assistance," he said with admirable self-control

"You are most kind!" Rontivogli was almost effusive. "I shall return any advance you may make as soon as I am at home."

"How much?" asked Pope with a trace of impatience.

"I have many obligations which must be settled before I leave. I had just cabled for a remittance, but I wish to go before it can arrive. Might I trouble you for an advance of, perhaps, five thousand—I think that will be enough."

Senator Pope unlocked and opened a drawer, took out a flat package of bills. "Here is a thousand dollars," he said "I cannot advance you more. And I trust you will sail the day after to-morrow." He looked hard at the Prince. "That will spare me the necessity of making a *private* appeal to the Italian Embassy through our State Department"

"You are most kind, mon chèr Senator," replied Rontivogli

He put the package of bills in the inside pocket of his coat He reflected a few seconds, then took his top hat. "Will you do me the honor of presenting my compliments and regrets to Madame Pope—and to Mademoiselle?" he said with steady eyes and elaborate politeness. "I thank you again. I regret that we part in circumstances so unhappy. I shall send your little advance within the month."

He bowed profoundly and Senator Pope inclined his head. He went to the door, turned there, bowed again. "Au revoir, my dear Senator," he said cordially, and was gone—a fascinating patrician figure of handsome ease and dignity.

XI

FROTHINGHAM let three days pass and on the fourth called at Senator Pope's. Elsie was in Philadelphia—was visiting an aunt. It had not occurred to him that she would run away and hide herself, so little did he think of the matter in any other light than that of a game between himself and Rontivogli. He was much upset and did not know what move to make next. Fate helped him the evening of the same day—the mail brought a note from Elsie:

> *My dear Friend:*
> I can't help writing to thank you. You warned me, and you were good and kind about it, and I was very disagreeable. I should like to say so to you, but I don't suppose you'll be in Philadelphia. will you? And it will be many a day before I see Washington. Indeed, I hope I shall never see it again. I didn't deserve your friendship. E. W P.

Frothingham had not reflected on this letter long before he was telling Hutt to get his belongings together. The next afternoon found him at the Bellevue in Philadelphia, and a few hours later he was dining at the Hopkinses' with Elsie and her uncle and aunt. He liked the Hopkinses—stiff and shy, but kindly. He liked the dark furniture and walls and woodwork, suggesting old English; liked the faces in the family portraits—English faces; liked surroundings where there was nothing new or new-fashioned except his own and Elsie's dress, where there was so much that was fine as well as old. And he had never liked Elsie so well as now that she was chastened into an appealing gentleness and humility

He saw that he had been right in thinking her note an apology and an attempt to recall him. And when the Hopkinses left them alone in the parlor after dinner he soon said: "I've come for an answer to that question I asked you."

She hung her head and flushed deeply. "Oh, I wish to get away from all this," she said in a low voice. "I'll be glad to go far away—far as—as you care to take me."

He sat beside her and took her hand. But he made no effort to show "temperament." "I'll go back to Washington and see your father to-morrow—if you wish," he said, after a silence.

"Yes," she replied.

She wrote a long letter to her father as soon as Frothingham was gone—her maid posted it at midnight. So it came to pass that Senator Pope was expecting him. He received him with the benign courtesy he gave to the humblest negro. He liked Frothingham—but, for that matter, it was impossible for him to dislike any member of the human race, even Rontivogli, or any well-disposed domestic animal; ever since he had "gathered his bunch," his content and complacence had, with a few brief pauses, been bubbling over in words and acts of kindness. But when Frothingham said, "I've come to see you, sir, about something of which I and your daughter have been talking," his face clouded with the same look as that with which he had received Rontivogli for the final interview.

Frothingham would not have attributed it to embarrassment had he known Senator Pope better. It was the look he wore whenever the exigencies of fate forced him to do anything unpleasant—whether to refuse a small favor or to cut a rival's throat or to scuttle a financial or political ship. For, being a good man and a lover of smoothness, it pained him exceedingly to cause his fellow-beings any other emotion but happiness. In the present instance the cause of his distress was the discovery that an alliance with nobility would destroy his chances of the Vice-Presidential nomination which he was plotting to get. He had not confided his ambition to his closest political lieutenant. But when Rontivogli was exposed and cast out, his colleague and boss had said to him: "I'm glad to hear you are not going to take a foreign nobleman into your family, Senator. Until the engagement was announced we were hoping you could be induced to make the race for the Vice-Presidency. While an Italian wouldn't have been as bad as an Englishman on account of the Irish vote, I don't think the people would have stood for even an Italian."

That settled any aristocratic ambitions.

"I've come, sir," Frothingham was saying, "to ask your consent to marrying your daughter."

Senator Pope's eyes swam, so strong was his emotion. "I am highly honored, Lord Frothingham. But I cannot give you an answer in so important a matter at once. I must consult with her mother." Mrs. Pope was a shadowy nonentity, flitting nervously in the wake of father and daughter

He detained Frothingham for a long talk on England and America, and sent him away in an almost jubilant mood—no applicant ever left him downcast. The next day Frothingham got a telegram from Elsie asking him to come to her as soon as he could. He assumed that her father had decided to convey his consent through her, and his spirits rose higher. But the first glimpse of her disturbed him—hers was not the face of a bearer of good news.

"I saw your father," he began.

"Yes," she interrupted. "He has written me."

"Does he consent?"

"Yes and no." She hesitated. "He asked me not to tell, but I know I can trust you. He has been planning to be nominated for Vice-President. And he has found that he can't have the nomination if I marry a titled foreigner—especially an Englishman, because of the Irish. They say it would kill the ticket."

Frothingham retreated behind a vacant look.

"He found it out only a few days ago." She did not feel equal to telling him that her father had learned this fatal fact through the exposure of Rontivogli. "So," she ended, "we couldn't marry until after the election. For he says he's sure of the nomination."

"And when is this election?"

"A year from next fall."

Fortunately Frothingham had not the habit of letting his face speak for him. After a pause he said: "But surely you can persuade him."

"It's useless to try. You don't know him as I do. He seems yielding, but where he's set he's hard as granite."

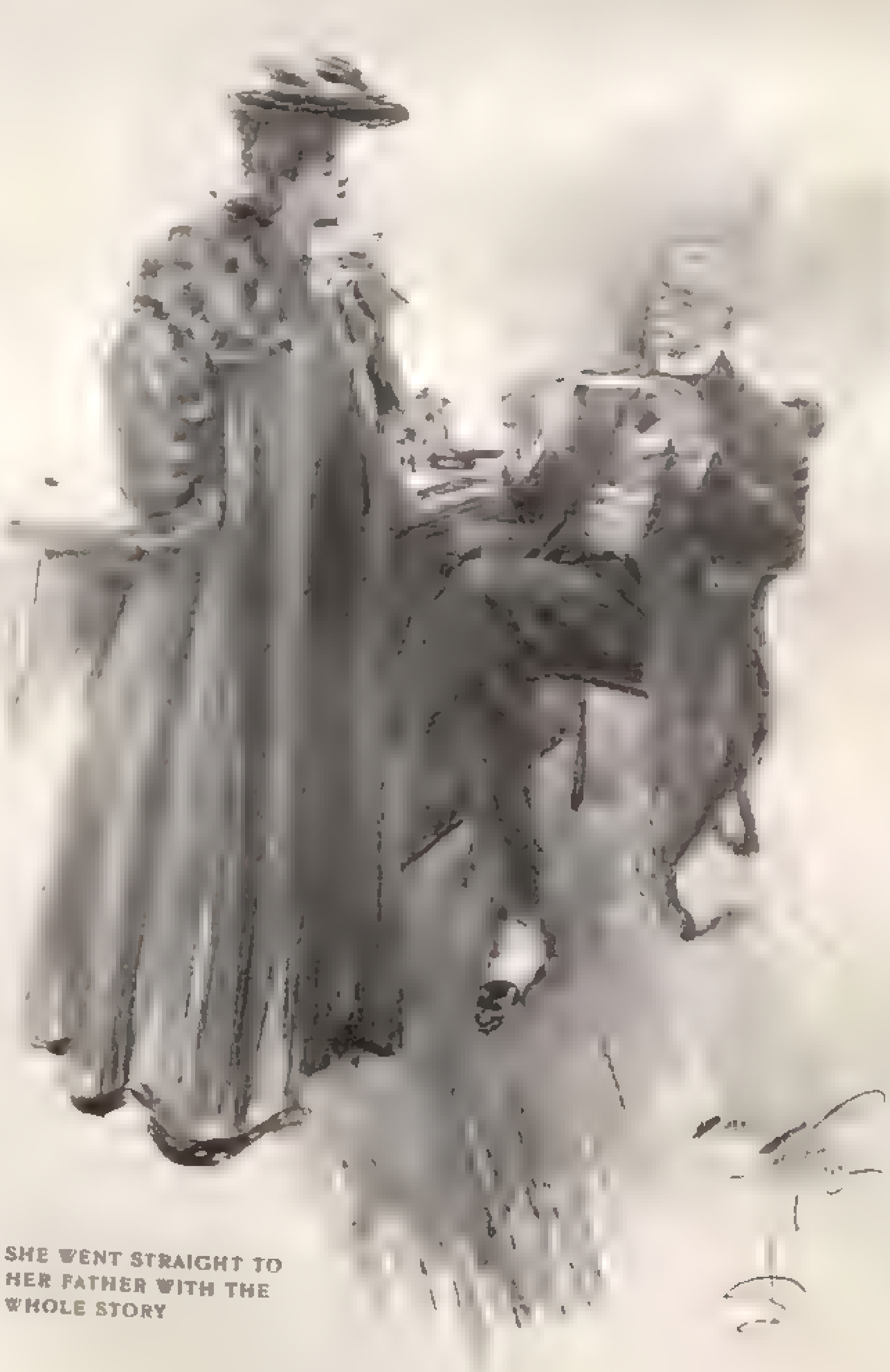
"Nearly two years," he repeated. And to himself: "Impossible! I might weather six months, but two years—the creditors would laugh at me

"And I wished to go away at once," she said with a long sigh, looking at him mournfully.

"I—we—can't wait two years," he replied.

"We needn't, need we? We might——" she began, then halted, blushing vividly.

He pretended not to understand—though he did, for he had already thought of that plan.



SHE WENT STRAIGHT TO HER FATHER WITH THE WHOLE STORY

"You know—I'm of age," she went on, seeing that he was not going to help her out. "We—we needn't wait for his consent." He did not change expression, but he was saying to himself, "Here's a mess. She's so mad to get away that she's ready to do anything."

"I think he'd forgive us," she went on. "But even if he didn't, I'd never regret."

He knew that he must say something, must say it quickly, and that it must be appreciative but noncommittal. "I couldn't accept such a sacrifice," he said. "It wouldn't be decent to take advantage of you in that fashion. I know it sounds unromantic to say it, but, by Jove, I don't go in for the sort of romance that makes a fellow a blackguard." And he frankly told enough of his financial difficulties to make the situation clear to her. "I believe you can talk your father round," he ended. "He thinks the world of you."

Elsie smiled—melancholy and cynical. "Yes—so long as I don't interfere. But I know how he feels about the Vice-Presidency. And that—that other affair has made him ——" She shook her head.

This chilled Frothingham. "He'd never forgive her if she ran off with me and lost him the office," he reflected. "Besides, I can't afford to go in without settlements arranged beforehand. I must chuck it—quick as ever I can."

He urged persuading her father and she promised to try. He saw her the next day and the next, both afternoons and evenings. On the third day he did not see her until late in the afternoon—her father had come from Washington and had spent the morning with her. And while they were talking Frothingham was reading a letter from Honoria which had been languidly pursuing him for a week. Part of it was:

> I think you met Cecilia Allerton in Boston. Had you heard of her bolting with Frank Mortimer?

"Frank Mortimer!" he exclaimed, sitting bolt upright in bed in his astonishment. "That brute with the big teeth and the empty head!"

> Her father was angry with her for something or other and treated her cruelly. Every one was pitying her. Frank fell in love with her out of sympathy, and she was so miserable that, when her father wouldn't consent, she ran off with him. Mr. Allerton has changed his will, they say, leaving everything to colleges and charities. But Frank has an income and will have more when his uncle dies, and she has a rich aunt who loathes her father, and so may leave her something.
>
> Cecilia's quite mad about Frank, now that they're married. Willie Kennefick was dining with us last night. He says she was in love with Stanley Huddiford who died a year or so ago. He says she believes Stanley's soul has entered into Frank! She's a clever girl, they say, but a bit eccentric, like so many of them down Boston way——

Frothingham looked on this news as a direct warning to him. "I'll take no risks with Pope," he said. "It would be sheer madness."

And before he left his rooms he wrote to Barney, fixing the next day but one for his arrival at Chicago. He felt that there was no hope of winning Pope—at least not at present. "If she by chance succeeds after I'm gone—and I'll leave her in a good humor—I can easily return. But I know there's nothing in it"

Failure was mourning in her eyes when he called at five o'clock. They went for a walk, and in reluctant words she told him that her father was immovable, that their only choice was between disobeying him and breaking the engagement. She listened coldly while he explained his position again; when he had finished she sneered. "You are—unanswerable," she said bitterly.

"No doubt I do lack 'temperament,'" he drawled, an ironic gleam on his eyeglass.

She was humble at once. "Oh—I understand," she answered

But she was too heartsick to talk; and he forgot that he was walking with her, could only feel ruin's arm linked firmly in his. It was dusk when they reached the house.

In the doorway he took her hand and held it

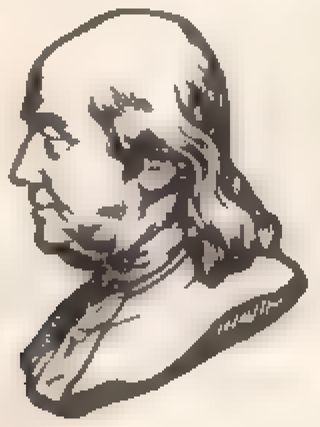
I shall see you when I return?" he asked "Will you answer if I write, now and then?"

"Yes," she replied gratefully.

She sent away the servant who came at her ring. She detained Frothingham, hoping against reason and instinct that he would tear off that tranquil mask of his, would forget his responsibilities as the bearer of a proud and ancient name, and would say: "I care for only you. Come!" Even after he had left her she lingered, holding the door ajar, listening for returning footsteps. At last she shut the door and went forlornly and wearily to her great, lonely, sombre dressing-room. She stood before the mirror of her dressing-table, studying her plain, wistful, woeful little face. "You aren't pretty," she said to it, "and one can't expect much when men think of nothing but looks in a woman." She could no longer see herself for tears. "And I believe he'd have been—at least kind to me." She rang for her maid and began listlessly and mechanically to dress for dinner.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

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The paid circulation of the February 21st number of The Saturday Evening Post was 541,000 copies.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Envy is admiration in despair.

¶Progress is slow because it is the work of dreamers.

¶Experience is a good teacher, but charges like a specialist

¶Laws may not make a man good, but they may keep him from being bad

¶Friends are made by exchanging services; enemies, by exchanging servants

¶The cry "Plagiarist!" was doubtless raised by the first author when the second began to write

¶It is concentration that counts. The flame of a candle applied direct is more uncomfortable than the diffused heat of a blast furnace.

Rich Men's Monuments

A NEW YORKER famous for his wealth died about three months ago. Already his family are vigorously bestirring themselves socially. They are entertaining; they entertain; they wear the slight and swiftly curtailing symbols of grief as if they were some sort of a grim, tactless mortuary jest. Many "old-fashioned" people are scandalized. The less serious-minded shrug their shoulders and say: "Life is so short nowadays that there is no time to mourn."

The dead man gave considerable sums to charity; he built for himself a splendid mausoleum; he left a name which might be called on the whole honorable, if one will make liberal allowances for human frailty under extraordinary temptation. But his real monument is the disrespect of his family, unable to maintain even the conventions of grief for so short a time as ninety days after his death, although they are most conventional people and he left them all rich. And he himself built that real monument. He himself is to blame that his name is already a mere legal phrase in the execution of a "last will and testament."

The test of a man's character is his intimate, private relations. What he does before the public—whether in the accumulation or in the distribution of wealth and other kinds of force—is necessarily tainted with vanity and selfishness. But a reputation built up with his family and friends is a genuine reputation, a character. It is the man himself

This rich man had no character fit to be remembered. True, he did not beat his wife and children; he did not fail to provide for them according to his means. He did everything which the law would have compelled him to do, had he been inclined otherwise. And he did everything which the even more potent sanctions of public opinion compelled. But he would have been arraigned and severely condemned if the courts of this world were able to reach and judge the deepest wrongs, the cruelest injustices

He neglected his family shamefully in that he gave practically none of his time to them. He knew little about their movements, less about their thoughts. And he aided and abetted his wife in making frivolity and uselessness the chief occupation of herself and their children. In the least important sense of the words he was a husband and a father. In the truly important sense he was neither, though he assumed the responsibilities of both. And he closed his career with what was in the circumstances almost his crowning crime—he left his family the riches which he had never taught them to use, which he had permitted and encouraged them to abuse

Over against this record must be set his abstention from crime or conspicuous meanness in his business relations and his public gifts. Certainly no one will plead that it is an extraordinary merit for a man to keep from being indicted or jailed. And is there much greater merit in comparatively trifling public gifts given through the carelessness of good nature or the vanity for public applause or through obedience to the current fashion which makes it as much the "proper thing" for a rich man to give of his abundance as for males to wear trousers and females skirts?

If we had the old Egyptian courts of the dead they might here enforce a wholesome lesson upon rich and poor, upon famous and obscure

Not long ago some one wrote to a philanthropist for a small donation toward a tiny but amazingly helpful hospital. The answer came: "I do a wholesale, not a retail, business." This man, well-meaning though he is, does not realize that a human being can do little good "wholesale," that the highest good, the good which counts for progress, must be done "retail," must be the influence of the individual upon those with whom he comes immediately and personally and intimately into contact. This truth, always important and heretofore usually recognized, is in danger of being forgotten now that the minds and the eyes of men are full of schemes for making everybody intelligent and high-minded by act of legislation or by donation from multi-millionaires.

If Washington had had the personal character of Napoleon as well as perhaps equal military and administrative genius and certainly equal power of enlisting the enthusiasm and devotion of an army, what a tremendous difference it would have made in the history of the world. The greatest work which Washington's character did for his country and for mankind was in shaping and determining the actions, the very thoughts of those who were in intimate personal contact with him. And his fame to-day, as high above that of all the other friends of liberty as is his monument above the housetops of the capital, rests chiefly upon his personal character, during his lifetime shining apparently upon his associates only, but now seen to have illuminated his every act. His genius led his country from dependence. His character led it to sound and enduring liberty.

History, so often shallow of brain and false of tongue, tells us that mankind has been built up chiefly by reputations—by the men who strutted and swaggered. But reason and experience tell us that mankind has been built up chiefly by character—by its man to man, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart influences. And it is only when the products of intellect are preserved in character that they do not decay and become rank and poisonous.

Of all the pitiful masqueraders on this world-stage does any cut a sorrier figure than he who, when he is dead, will be remembered by those who did not know him, will be right speedily and charitably forgotten by those who did? And if his life-account should by chance show a balance to the good, that balance is his mask's, not his.

Back to the Tall Grass

THE cities are growing more and more crowded every year as people are attracted to them from the country, and year by year men are learning better and better the truth that it is in the country that one can live the sanest life.

Thus we can account for the remarkable exodus of city people to the country and the tremendous influx of country people to the city. Brooklyn, for instance, was never so populous as now, and there are whole Jersey suburbs made up to the last man of people who have fled from Brooklyn and its confinements to breathe the fresh air of the Oranges

It is easy to understand why this is so. The city holds out inducements to the country boy that his own environment will never yield him, and he comes to the metropolis, works at his business as few city boys can work, and in course of time he marries a girl who has also come in from the country to earn her living, and they settle down in a cosy flat up in Harlem or out in Brooklyn, and when his means at last permit he builds himself a house on Riverside Drive or the Park Slope and is happy. His children have all the advantages of the city that were denied him when he was a small boy, and if they do not grow up to as lusty a manhood as his, if they do not amount to as much as he did, there are two reasons for it: they have a rich father and he did not, they were born in the city. Now, it is an undeniable fact that few city men rise high in the councils of the nation. If a great man is wise he is born in the country.

Yes, it is easy to understand why there has been such an exodus to the country. The city boy, born and brought up in brick-walled dwellings, getting a smell of the life-giving country air only during an all too short vacation, envies his country cousin who can breathe ozone all the year round and who has all outdoors for his playground, and he determines to go to the country to live if ever it becomes possible. To be sure he is only a clerk and promotion is likely to stop when he has reached a certain point, but perhaps he can get an ideal little house not too far from the city and lead there an ideal life—and perhaps an ideal girl

In course of time he meets and marries the latter, also a city denizen but with longings for the country. For the first months, or perhaps years, they must put up with a cramped city flat, although her father owns his house in the vicinity of Washington Square. But in course of time children come to them and then they see the absurdity, the criminality of bringing up children in the city. They remember their own childhood and how physically dwarfing it was, and they go a-househunting in the suburbs and at last find a cosy little house, not so far from New York but that he can commute, and they move out there, and he raises his own vegetables and she goes in for chickens and becomes something of a botanist, and her sons grow up lusty and broad-minded.

And the end of it all is that when the sons are of an age to take up business they go into the city with a country education and they take the prizes from under the very noses of the city-bred children whose country-bred father won the prizes of his generation before, and so the city and the country are changing inhabitants all the time, and who shall say that it is not for the best?

But he is wisest who, having fled from the city as soon as he was able, keeps his children in the country, there to live and die. If every one lived in the country the city would be a very good place in which to live because there would be plenty of room. Pending that time it were better for all city people to live in the country, for there is *always* lots of room there.

Collectors with Shotguns

IF THE painful experiences of England and Germany in attempting to collect their bills from Venezuela with shotguns shall promote more civilized methods of transacting international business the enterprise will have been well worth its cost. There was at first, even in this country, a general impression that the allies had a good case against Venezuela, but they have succeeded in making the disreputable little Republic a martyr, not only in our eyes but in those of the whole civilized world. And when they get their money it will have cost them in war expenses, loss of trade and general ill-will ten dollars for every dollar they collect.

All this is as it should be. It does not comport with public policy that one member of the family of nations should be encouraged to chase another member with a gun to collect a debt. The peace of the world is more important than the settlement of a trivial account

Of course it is desirable that a debt should be paid, but there are other and better methods of pressing a debtor than blockades and bombardments. The appropriate penalty for financial dishonesty is loss of credit. If a country refuse to protect foreign investors, let them keep out. On the New York Stock Exchange billions of dollars change hands on no more substantial guaranty than the raising of a finger. The contracts so made are not enforced by guns, or even by courts. Their execution often means ruin to some of the parties. Yet they are never repudiated. Why? Because a broker who refused to carry out his agreements could no longer do business on the Exchange.

If the South American Republics are dishonest, that is the way to treat them. Let foreign capitalists refuse to take their bonds or build their railroads. Let the exchanges of London and Berlin refuse to list their securities. Let them be placarded everywhere as "wildcat." But if the foreign capitalists think they see sufficient profit in South American investments to make it worth while to risk their money in that quarter, let them stand by the chances they have accepted. Let them not charge triple interest to cover risks and then call on their governments to make their investments gilt-edged with warships.

The time is coming when such proceedings as those of England and Germany will be as unknown in polite international society as an irruption of cowboys to "shoot up" the feet of the guests in a drawing-room. In that time, too, of course, the conduct of countries like Venezuela will be very materially improved. We cannot accept the European theory that the Monroe Doctrine requires us to keep the South American republics in order and compel them by force to live up to their obligations. But we might very readily adopt the rôle of a benevolent adviser. We might let the disorderly republics know what we thought they ought to do and warn them when they seemed in danger of getting into trouble. A favorite idea of the cartoonists is to represent Uncle Sam in the guise of the international policeman. That is not a very attractive rôle. It might be better to regard him as the international schoolmaster

WHAT A GOVERNOR DOES

OLD STATEHOUSE AT SPRINGFIELD

GOVERNOR RICHARD YATES

PRESENT STATEHOUSE AT SPRINGFIELD

By Richard Yates

Governor of Illinois

RICHARD YATES

WAR GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS

IN THE routine discharge of his official duties every present-day Governor of a great commonwealth is confronted with a task alike peculiar for the variety and volume of its demands and the manner in which he is permitted to accomplish their discharge. If the citizens of each State understood how manifold, exacting and complex are the affairs to which their chief executive must attend and also appreciated the especial handicaps to the dispatch of these duties imposed by tradition and the exigencies of our form of popular government, it cannot be doubted that the people would, as a natural consequence, so alter their demands upon him as greatly to facilitate his official labors. Because of my belief that a better understanding of the work which a modern Governor must discharge will have this desirable result, I consent to give this glimpse of the routine of life in the executive office and mansion

From Colonial days has descended to the American people a legacy of formalism, in relation to the discharge of the functions of a Governor, patterned after European models. While the limitations of a pioneer life made for a radical degree of "democratic simplicity," in the Statehouse and Executive Mansion of the West a survival of the spirit of polite consideration has always prevailed, no matter how plain and simple the tastes and habits of the citizen occupying them as the official head of the State. And such polite consideration is still expected by the public.

How Executive Labors Have Multiplied

IN THE days when many States contained not more than half their present population, when transportation was so difficult that it required greater time and discomfort for the citizen to make a pilgrimage from an adjoining county to his State capitol than is now needed to go from Chicago to New York; when the telegraph was in its infancy and the telephone unknown; when the postage on a letter was so considerable a tax that communications of this kind were confined to matters of the most pressing importance; when home-seeking left the people little time for office-seeking — in these "good old days" the Governor of a commonwealth had a leisure for the exercise of courtliness and a gallantry of attention to his visitors which is impossible to a modern chief executive of State In the period of our country's development shortly preceding the Civil War, for example, the daily callers at the office of the Governor of a State in the Middle West were numbered by dozens where now they are counted by scores and hundreds. Then the reception of a telegram was an event in the executive office, while now they are far more numerous than were letters in the antebellum days. To make this contrast between the old days and the new more concrete let me say that in the administration of the war Governor of Illinois, this commonwealth had but four State institutions, three of these being in one city, whereas it now has twenty, the largest of which probably contains more inmates than were in all of the original four. Then Illinois had less than two million inhabitants, with a lack of transportation facilities which made it impossible for more than a few hundred of that number to make their voices heard in the capitol; now there are five million residents within the borders of Illinois who may reach the ear of their executive through the desk telephone which is ever at his hand. What wonder, in view of these marvelous advances in facilities for communication, that the old-time Governors had leisure for the exercise of courtly graces?

Altogether the most onerous labor imposed on a Governor is that of filling the appointive positions at his official disposal In this task are involved all the complications of party and personal politics: self-interest, the interests of friends and political associates, and the broader interests of the administration and its policy.

In giving a glimpse of this phase of a Governor's work, of its extent and ramifications and of all the demands which it imposes upon the time and energies of the executive, I speak without complaint or criticism, and simply as an observer at first hand of this phase of our political life

Illinois to-day places at the disposal of her government a total of 2950 positions. Of these about 2450 do not pay an annual salary or wages above $600 and are, on the ground of their comparative unimportance, passed by the Governor to be filled at the discretion of his more responsible appointees But on this score he often counts without his host. All things are relative, and the position paying only $50 a month is regarded by the small farmer or the laborer from the "back town" of a remote and thinly populated county as quite as desirable as the place paying $5000 to $10,000 is desirable to the city resident. More than this, he feels that he has a right to just as prompt an assurance that he will receive this party recognition as that given to the candidate for the more lucrative position. Consequently he refuses to wait until the latter has been appointed and finds time to select the recipients of his official favor. This view of the matter brings him at once to the office of the newly elected Governor, with whom he requests an interview. He has as much right to such an audience as has the politician who is after the more responsible appointment, and he cannot be refused, either in justice or in good policy. Probably neither the county judge nor the county clerk in his community receives a salary larger than that of the position for which the farmer or villager is an applicant, and the compensation is measured by this standard.

A Mountain of Patronage to be Leveled

EXCLUSIVE of teachers in the normal schools, physicians in State hospitals, experts in the grain-inspection office, and other specialists who are properly regarded as not subject to political removal, there are only 150 positions of importance at the disposal of the Governor. As these carry salaries of respectable size, together with dignity and influence, the contest for them is more general, spirited and persistent than any save those familiar with this phase of partisan strife can possibly realize. Broadly speaking, 6000 applications for appointment were filed and urged upon the consideration of the Governor. If he was not able personally to examine and pass upon all these documents, he fell far short of meeting the expectations of the applicants and their friends.

These applications, however, formed merely the foundation of the structure of influence and persuasion builded by these industrious political architects. Letters and petitions of indorsement followed until the total number of communications directly related to the original applications exceeded 100,000. All these were expected to pass under the eye of the executive; and a very large share of them did receive his personal consideration. To classify and file this volume of correspondence requires the labor of a force of clerks, and even the formal acknowledgment of the most important communications of the mass involves weeks of work by responsible assistants.

No wide-awake American politician is ever content to rest his hopes on the convincing power of any written indorsement, no matter what may be the weight of authority behind it. He is alive to the advantages of a personal interview and regards his documentary application and indorsements much as the lawyer regards the written brief. They are formal memoranda to be enforced and amplified by the more convincing eloquence of the oral argument, by the intimate appeal of eye and voice. Also he seems to cherish the conviction that if he can look the executive squarely in the eye, the man who holds the appointive power will not be able to deny his request

Why the Governor is Less Fortunate than the President

UNFORTUNATELY the Governors of most States come into office almost simultaneously with the convening of the legislatures of their commonwealth. This results in a congestion of affairs, making it necessary for him to fill his list of appointments at the time when he should be free to give his whole attention to the course of legislation and to other duties of an official rather than political nature. Unlike the President of the United States, he does not have time, before the assembling of the legislative body, to dispose of the complicated and burdensome task of filling the offices and formulating his policies as to the routine of his work. Instead he is compelled to discharge both of these heavy lines of work at the same time and, if it is his first term, to do this before he has had time fairly to take his bearings in a position full of grave responsibilities

Not only does the assembling of the legislature bring a double official pressure upon the shoulders of the executive, but it also calls to his doors a multitude of casual visitors, mainly from country districts, who come to the capital city only in the course of the session. The special pressure to which I allude relates to the matter of appointments as well as to legislation. The Senate, for example, is designed to act as a check upon the official deeds of the Governor. His appointments, of the "nominative class," must be confirmed by that body before they become operative. It is no secret that this branch of the General Assembly or Legislature, which has a comparatively small number of members — say fifty to sixty — is, to all practical purposes, run by a very small coterie of men who have the gift of leadership. Depend upon it that not only have these leaders agreed among themselves as to the appointment which they will ask at the hands of the executive, but such an agreement has been reached before the legislature is organized. Also, it is safe to assume that these political generals have not failed to file claim to the disposal of any important appointments which they do not understand to be otherwise apportioned in accordance with the plans of the party organization. After the Senator who is a follower and not a leader, but who belongs to the party of the administration, votes day after day for the confirmation of the Governor's appointments, he is likely to say to himself: "Why should I sit here day after day and vote good appointments to the friends of other Senators while I get no favors of this sort to distribute among my own followers?"

Reasoning in this manner for a day or two he calls upon the Governor, urges a friend for an appointment and, unless he receives encouragement, perhaps intimates that in the future the executive may not find it so easy to get appointments confirmed. If the Governor has sufficient courage and is making an equitable distribution of party favors, he need have no fear of this kind of pressure; but it makes an added problem for him to deal with, and one which he would not have, at least to so great an extent, if the legislature did not convene almost immediately following his election, which is always attended by the excitement of a campaign.

Keeping an Eye on Current Legislation

ESPECIALLY is it within the power of the chairmen of the committees on appropriations, judiciary and several other important interests to make strong demands upon the executive, who must see to it that his administration is not hampered for funds properly to conduct the State institutions. On the other hand, he is naturally interested to protect his administration from the charge of a too lavish expenditure of public funds through unwise appropriations, for he may be sure that, rightly or wrongly, the people will hold him responsible for the acts of the members of his own party in the General Assembly

Although the Governor may not have in the legislature a single "administration measure" or bill to which he is committed, he can scarcely expect to exercise his full duty in an intelligent manner without keeping a close watch upon the course of legislation. It is not enough that he should understand the contents of the bills which are finally passed and presented to him for signature or veto, or are left to become laws without either; he must have also a fair knowledge of the antecedents of the more important measures; he must know by whom they are inspired, the motives and the men behind them, through what hands have they passed and by whom have they been amended, championed or assailed If he does not keep in touch with this kind of information he will find himself sadly at sea in the matter of party leadership and responsibility.

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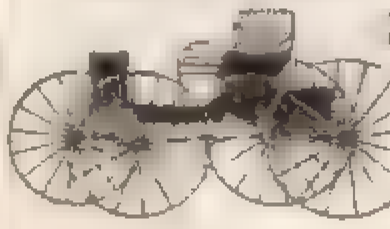

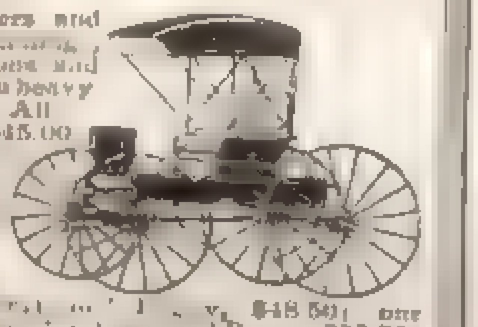

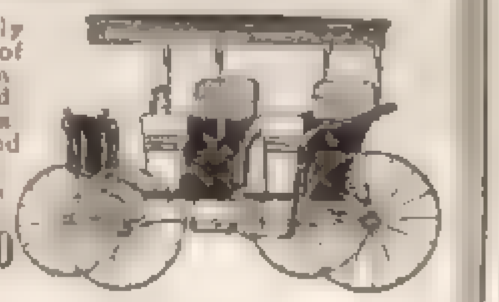

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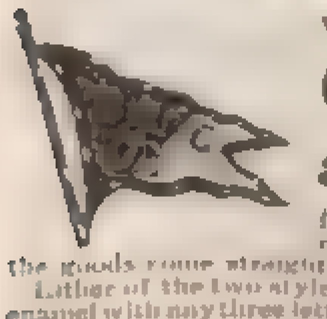

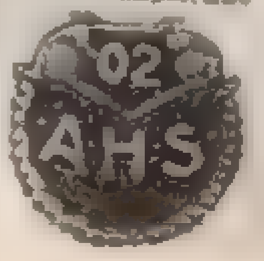

This kind of surveillance he must accomplish through the watchfulness of trusted friends and lieutenants, who are either members of the Senate and House or who are in attendance as alert observers. Then too, he must have a working knowledge of the bills and measures which are finally passed and come to him for approval. All this might seem to be comparatively a simple matter—and so it would be if the executive had unlimited time in which to pass upon these measures.

The Burden of Pardon Petitions

Although the work of making his appointments is the most burdensome and demands far more time than other features of the Governor's work, especially in the early portion of his term, it is not by any means the duty which will put him under the greatest stress. Consideration of petitions for pardon imposes the most wearing strain to which he is subjected. It is one thing to refuse a man appointment to a coveted political office and quite another to turn from the prayers of mothers, wives and children pleading that the life of a man under sentence of death be spared. His responsibility, as the day for the execution approaches, becomes very depressing to the executive who is possessed of the average amount of sympathy. Let me give the experience of a single day in reference to pardons

Entering my office in the morning I found the father of a young prisoner waiting for me. This man's son had been convicted of stealing goods from his employer. The theft was not made in a moment of sudden temptation, but was carefully planned and systematically executed. In order to dispose of his plunder the culprit had corrupted the integrity of a fifteen-year-old boy. This was the kind of a criminal I was asked to release from a lengthy prison term.

With him the father brought a request for clemency from the trial judge, the State's attorney, several members of the jury which had brought in the verdict of guilty, and from numerous men of high standing and strong influence. With such indorsements the father expected the success of his mission; but the facts of the case were against the justice of his plea, and the painful interview was closed with a denial of the petition

Scarcely had this matter been disposed of when a woman in middle-life, leading a little girl, entered the office. The mother was evidently very poor as her dress was of coarse material resembling blue denim. At once the little girl threw herself upon the floor at my feet and sobbed: "Oh, please give me back my papa." To the prayer of the child the mother added all the pleadings that the heart of a faithful wife could devise, beseeching me that I should spare the extreme penalty in the case of her husband because of the many virtues which her heart imputed to him.

This scene was keenly distressing, but when I left the office and walked back to the Executive Mansion another awaited me. There, sitting outside on the steps, I found a most pitiable old woman who greeted me with the words, "I've come, sir, to see you about my baby—my poor baby in the prison." The "baby," so I soon learned, was twenty-four years of age. At the mention of his name I clearly recalled the facts of his case that all the evidence showed that he was a confirmed highwayman of a cruel and desperate type. But to the wretched old woman before me this hardened criminal was a "baby."

There was but one thing to do, and that I did: to tell her, without explanation, that there was no hope and that the law must take its course.

Social Duties and Harassments

Regarding the volume of correspondence which passes through the office of the executive, it is well to begin, as he must, with the acknowledgment of letters and telegrams of congratulation. If it be his first term, and if his State is a large one, he will find that the number of these communications will probably exceed five thousand, and more likely will approach the ten-thousand mark.

In the ordinary course of business, judging from personal experience, the executive office will send out an average of one hundred letters, a very considerable share of which demand in some degree the personal attention of the Governor. Then he must deal with a considerable volume of correspondence, such as reports relating to the management of State institutions and other departments of the public service. These, in Illinois, will amount to 150 formal communications each month. Add to this the daily presentation of requisitions from executives of other States In former days these demands to surrender into the custody of an officer from another State the person of a supposed criminal were seldom investigated or denied. but were generally allowed on the grounds of State courtesy. This practice has been greatly modified, and no requisition is now allowed in Illinois without examination into the merits of the case.

Not fewer than five invitations are each day received at this executive office, and of these about eight a month are accepted In this matter, as in many others, the Governor of a State finds himself between two fires. If he habitually denies these requests for his presence at public or social functions he is subjected to sharp criticism by those he is obliged to disappoint

On the other hand, the acceptance of any considerable number of such invitations will involve numerous trips into more or less remote parts of the State. Inevitably many citizens coming to the executive office while he is absent on these trips are disappointed and inconvenienced, and are prone to observe that if the Governor would give less time to social and semi-social affairs and more attention to the business of the State he would render more service to the public.

In this connection it may not be out of place to observe that the new executive is likely to be surprised at the curious nature of many requests which come to him because of his official position. These are interesting as indicating the unique conception of the utility of a Governor which some persons entertain.

The Part of a Tactful Wife

Let no executive's wife be surprised to receive eight hundred requests to send "only one common handkerchief," while the committees in charge of popular "sock socials" do not hesitate to send miniature bits of footwear to the official head of the commonwealth with the request that he send them back with an inclosure of coppers. Also, he will not escape requests for his autograph on patch-quilts and other kindred articles. But those requests do not assume the serious proportions which characterize the demands for private charity to which he is constantly subjected

It is the custom of most Governors to hold weekly receptions during the session of the legislature. These functions are almost invariably attended in large numbers, and demand not a little of the executive's time Another social claim upon his time is in connection with the meetings of the State Militia, when custom properly demands that he shall entertain the officers of the organization of which he is commander-in-chief. These are pleasant duties, but they require time, and help to swell the list of obligations to which he must give his personal attention and presence.

Still another requirement is that the Governor shall pay at least an annual visit to each State institution. These are scattered throughout the State, and as Illinois contains twenty of these institutions, each requiring a visit of one to three days in length, it will be seen that this demand on the Governor's time is not a light one

Comparatively seldom is the executive who occupies a State mansion able to take a luncheon or dinner in the privacy of his family. Guests at the board are the regular order of the day, and these vary in number from two or three to a score or even more. He is glad to welcome them and takes delight in their presence, but this does not alter the fact that family privacy and moments of personal leisure are almost unknown to the average executive of a large State. He keeps open house and should do so, for his house is the people's house, and many a homesick legislator comes to regard it as a second home, where he has a welcome to the atmosphere of family life.

Most happy and fortunate is that Governor who brings to the executive mansion a wife who presides with grace, tact and efficiency over its social and domestic affairs. Her duties are scarcely lighter than his own, but their successful discharge gives cheer and pleasure to hundreds of guests, and at the same time exerts a most powerful influence upon the career of her husband; and the place which a State administration occupies in the regard of the people is often determined almost as much by the mistress of the mansion as by the official and political acts of the executive.

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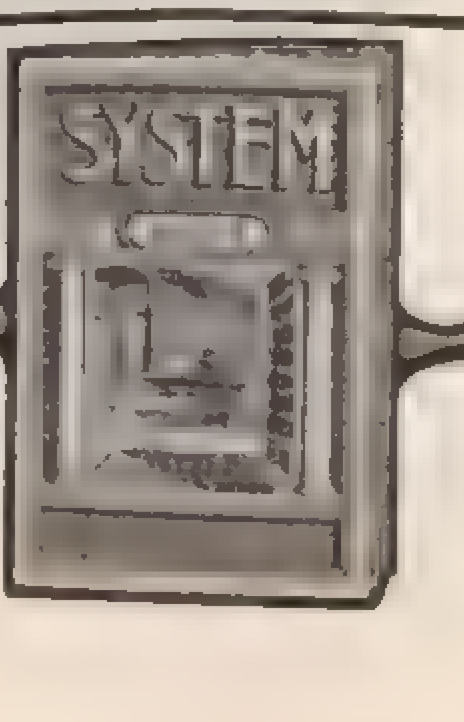

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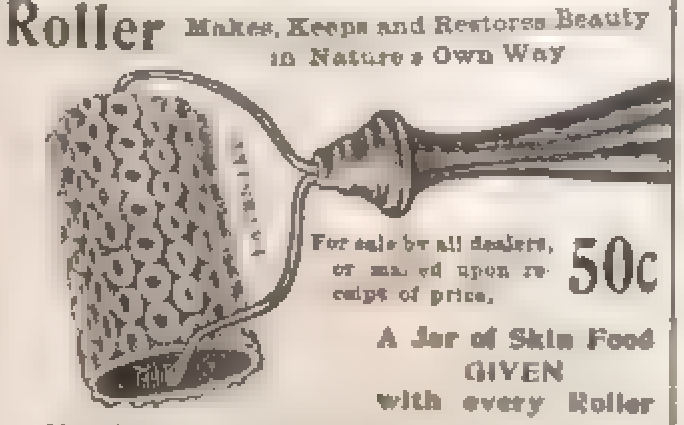

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How Shall a Young Man Educate Himself?

By WILLIAM MATHEWS

I HAVE been asked to write for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST an article answering this question—How can a young man who is an employee or in business for himself, and who must work hard during the daytime, best cultivate his mind in the evenings and in the odd moments that he can seize? The question seems an easy one to answer, but is really difficult, because to do so is like prescribing a medicine or regimen, not for John Jones or William Smith, whom one personally knows, but for a man of whose ancestry, bodily constitution, idiosyncrasies and environment one knows nothing. Still, as there are certain general rules of health which all men must observe, or suffer from disease and weakness, so there are certain general rules of self-culture the observance of which is vital to success.

I begin by saying of that much abused term "self-culture," that, strictly speaking, there never was, and never will be, a "self-educated" man in the history of the world. Self-education, without the help of others, is, indeed, inconceivable; for in that case the individual must have been separated from his very birth from all communion with his fellow men. Nay, more, he must have invented his own language and his own alphabet, and must have achieved singly in a lifetime what his fellow men collectively have been occupied in doing for six thousand or more years. Nevertheless there have been men, like Samuel Lee, of Lognor, in Shropshire, England, or James Ferguson, of Keith, Scotland, who have possessed themselves of an education from its lowest to its highest branches with so little foreign aid that they form a class by themselves, and, relatively to the tutored class, may be called *self-educated*.

These men, who have stood to themselves in the double relation of teacher and pupil, have sprung up under the most unpropitious circumstances, and, like certain sturdy plants, in spite of unfavorable soil and climate, almost without sunshine or shower, have reached a glorious maturity of intellect. Thirsting for knowledge as the hart panteth after the water brooks; urged on by a burning, insatiable desire for self-improvement; struggling like the chained eagle for its native heavens, they have converted obstacles into stepping-stones to self advancement, discouragements into helps to progress, and fought their way upward, in the face of wind and sun, to the heights where "Fame's proud temple shines afar," and where, encircled with a splendor of their own creation, they are gazed at with wonder by their fellow men.

Limiting the meaning of "self-education" to mental culture, every graduate of Oxford or Harvard is, to a large extent, self-educated. Every college student has two educations, one which his professors give him, and another—by far the more important—which he gives himself. An undergraduate may have the most learned, accomplished and skillful instructors, who may aid, encourage and stimulate him, but they cannot *think* for him. They may simplify what is abstruse, explain what is difficult, and illuminate what is obscure, but they cannot relieve the student from the necessity of personal mental effort. They cannot perform in his stead the mental operations which are necessary to train and discipline his mind, enrich it with knowledge, energize its faculties—in short, *gymnasticize* it, as athletic exercises do the body—things which constitute the very essence of education. All these things the learner must do for himself.

I would say, then, to every young man who aspires to self-culture: You have everything to encourage and stimulate you, nothing to depress or dishearten you. Between the mightiest and the meanest of men there is no difference so great as that which is wrought by culture, and that culture may be yours. Having learned the alphabet, you have a key which will unlock every door to knowledge. It was a saying of that wonderful boy, Chatterton, that God had sent His creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if they would choose to be at the trouble. You have all the faculties which have been possessed by men of the highest order of mind. These faculties are as susceptible of culture in your case as in theirs. They did not attain their high mental culture without long and patient toil, and the same

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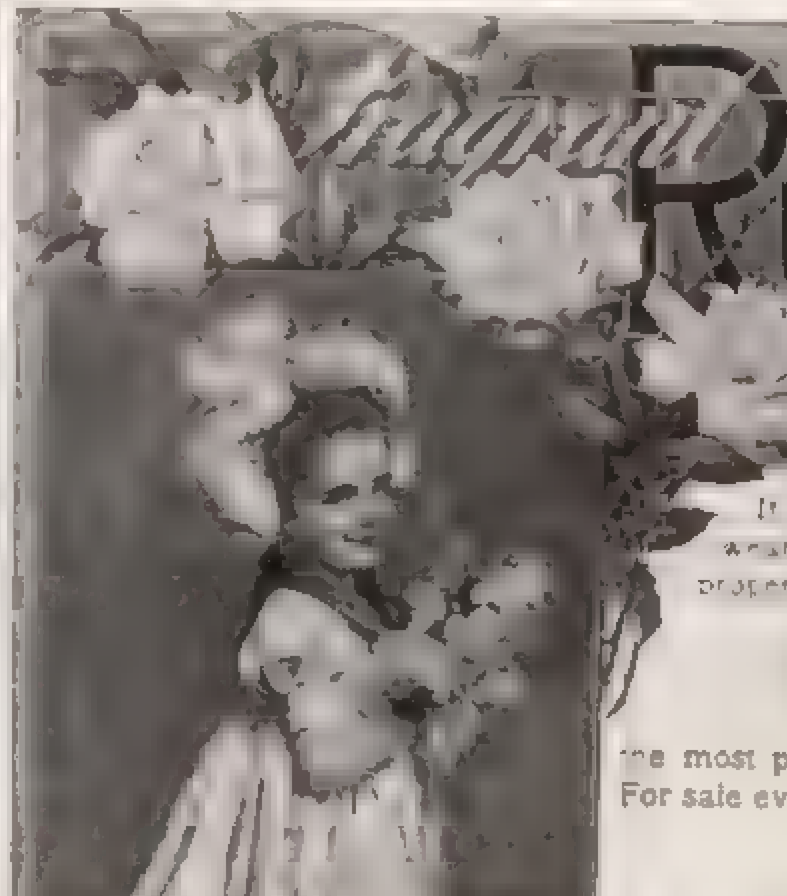

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"noble rage" for self-improvement, the same fervid energy and persistent toil will build up and invigorate your intellect as it did theirs.

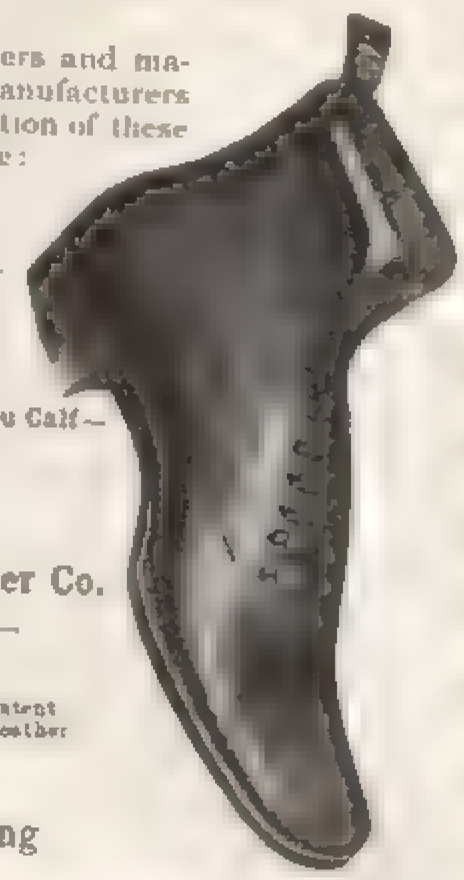
Make Time for Reading

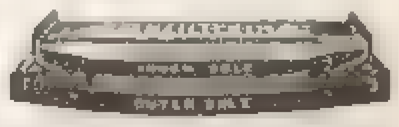
If you ask what is the best means of carrying on the work of self-culture, I answer, it is *reading*. Books are the great storehouses or granaries of nearly all the knowledge which the observation, the experience, and the researches of the human race have been accumulating during successive ages. They offer us, without cost, the intellectual stores which myriads of laborers have been gathering in days and nights of toil for thousands of years. There is no possible subject on which they will not enlighten you, if you crave information. Do you say that you have little time for reading—that you are the servant of others, and are engaged during the entire day in business or manual toil? I answer, in the words of Channing, that an earnest purpose finds time or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns larger fragments of leisure to golden account. Have you not as much time for study as had Heyne, the great classical scholar of Germany, who struggled thirty-two years with the bitterest poverty, and who, when trying to educate himself, slept for six months but two nights a week? Have you not as many hours for reading as had Samuel Lee, a miserably poor carpenter's apprentice in England, who, though noted only for his dullness at the charity school, acquired, while working for his master, a dozen languages, including Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Aramaic, Arabic, Persian and Hindustani, and became a professor in the University of Cambridge and one of the profoundest linguists of Europe?

There is hardly any man who may not have some portion of the day at command—an early hour in the morning, fifteen minutes at noon, and an hour or two in the evening; and it is simply astonishing how fruitful of improvement such hours and bits and snatches of time become, when eagerly seized and wisely used. An hour only a day, given to the study of some favorite subject, will insure you unexpected accumulations of knowledge. Read with care but ten pages a day, omitting Sundays, and at the end of a year you will have made your own the hived wisdom of ten volumes of three hundred pages each, even after allowing thirteen days for illness and other interruptions—enough for the mastery of two histories or sciences! Choose, then, without delay, some valuable branch of study; fasten down upon it, and cleave to it until you feel that you have mastered it. Select for this purpose a few of the best and most substantial books on the subject, whose contents have been sifted and approved by the best judges; read them slowly and deliberately, seizing on their pith and marrow, and pausing from time to time to reflect on what you have read, and to fasten it in the memory. Try this plan for a twelvemonth, and see if at its end you have not added a cubit to your intellectual stature!

"But how and where am I to begin?" some young man may ask. "What subject and what books am I to study first?" I answer: Begin with the subject in which you are most interested. If it is history, begin with that. No study can be more profitable or more delightful. "If a man is in a strait," says Carlyle, "a very good indication as to choice, perhaps the best you could get, is a book you have a great curiosity about. You are then in the best possible condition to improve by that book." It matters little what you take up first. Choose the history of some central country which has had constant relations with the other countries of Europe—as France, for example. In learning its history you will necessarily learn much of the history of other countries. Get Guizot's History of France, in eight octavo volumes, which is profusely illustrated and cheap. White's History of France in one volume, read afterward, will serve to recall the leading incidents in Guizot. If you wish for a more thorough knowledge, Martin's History may be read. As your curiosity is excited about celebrated Frenchmen, turn aside occasionally from the history, and read their lives in the Encyclopædia Britannica, or some trustworthy biographical dictionary, or in some of the brief biographies which the press is now multiplying. Lanfrey's Napoleon, by a hostile writer, and Count Segur's history of the campaign against Russia, will be found intensely interesting, and the same may be said of Gardner's history of the disastrous Waterloo campaign. Finally, read Carlyle's pregnant, dramatic and thrilling History of the French Revolution.

In some respects Motley's vivid and picturesque histories of The Dutch Republic and

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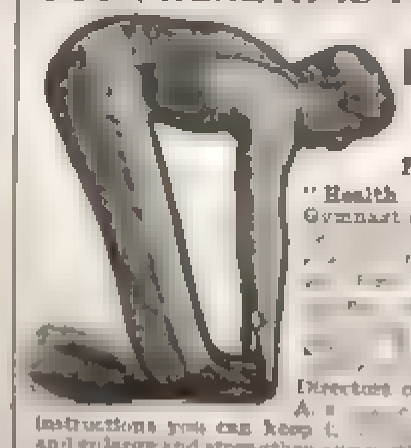
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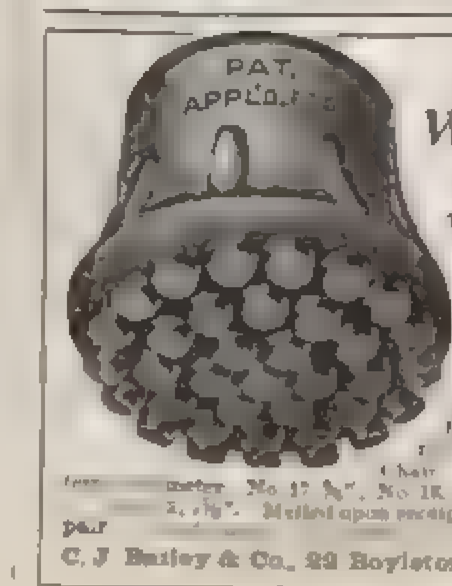
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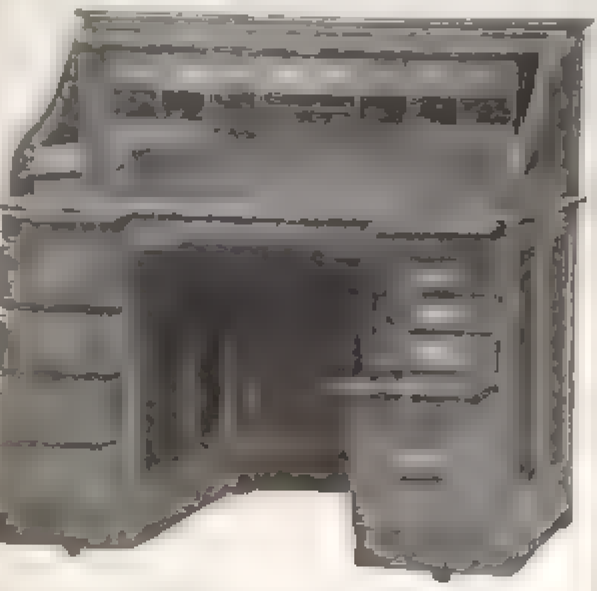

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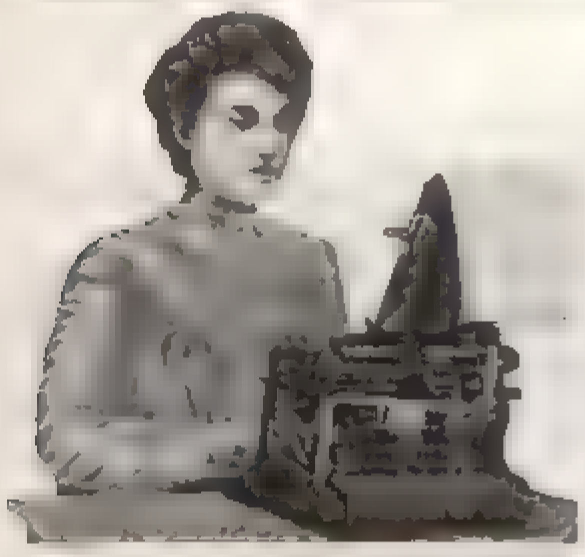

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The United Netherlands, on account of their inspiring, dramatic treatment of the themes, would be the best works to begin with. A similar remark might be made regarding Macaulay's History of England. For ancient history, Arnold's History of Rome is excellent to start with.

To acquire a foreign language one needs (except for the pronunciation) only a grammar and a dictionary, and a few well-edited textbooks. Samuel Lee, the self educated linguist of whom I have spoken, had less than these, for his textbooks had meagre notes and other helps. In buying textbooks — and indeed, books generally — get the best-printed ones you can afford. If you afterward change your books for finer editions, you lose the advantage of a local memory, and will turn less readily to a passage. In reading history, have always a good Atlas at your elbow for reference. Without such reference, history is, in a large degree, unintelligible.

Read Deeply, Not Widely

Read much, but not many books. Read actively, and not passively; with an independent, questioning spirit, and not with a slavish deference to the author. To master a book thoroughly, frequent reviews will be necessary. Only thus can you fix its facts and ideas firmly in the memory. There are few first rate books which will not yield more profit on a second and even a third perusal than at the first. Many eminent men have had their pet authors with whom they have been in daily communion — never weary of brooding over their well-worn pages, and treasuring their imperishable thoughts. The Germans have a saying that nothing is so prolific of improvement as a little learned well. Everything completely learned is a spur to further acquisition; while all cloudiness and half-knowledge dishearten the learner and cut the nerve for study.

Here I should like to explain why so few persons remember well what they read; but I must limit myself to naming five things which must be done to get a retentive memory: 1. Have a clear apprehension of what you wish to remember. 2. Methodize your acquisitions. In studying a subject you will fix its facts or principles most firmly in the mind by mastering its parts in a natural and orderly sequence, from the easiest to the most difficult, so that each shall be a nucleus or basis for more in an endless series. Study of this kind is like a well built staircase, by which one can climb to a great height with a minimum of fatigue, lifting the body only a few inches at a time. 3. Attend closely to what you read. Concentrate your mind exclusively upon it; hence, to remember, you must be interested in what you read. Study that which nature has fitted you to learn — that which you delight in learning. Never lash your brain, or force yourself to learn what you have little or no capacity for learning. Study that which is adapted to your nature, and learn it step by step, without hurry, and you will gain a maximum of mental culture with a minimum of cerebral fatigue.

Avoid everything like *cram*. Value study by the insight it gives you into subjects, not by the number of books you have read. A few thoughtfully read books, forged at the hearts and fashioned by the intellects of great men like Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Pascal or Dante, will do more to invigorate and enrich the mind than a whole library of third-rate productions. 4. Re-read and review, again and again, what you read. "It is best knocking in the nail overnight," says Dr. Thomas Fuller, "and clinching it in the morning." 5. Keep your body in good condition. The impressions made upon the mental tablet are like those made upon the photographer's plate. If the chemicals are good, and the plate is in a condition to receive the impressions, the picture will be good; otherwise it will be dull, brown or indistinct.

Finally, remember that culture — genuine culture — means hard work, and, therefore, whatever subject you study, make it a rule to master it. Bring all your powers of mind to bear upon it; go round its entire circumference; probe to the bottom of it; pluck out the very heart of it. If you meet a difficulty which menaces your progress, look on it as an athlete with whom you are to wrestle. Face it boldly and resolutely; survey it on all sides; then close and grapple with it till by your prowess you have reduced it to powder. The struggle is the very thing you want; it will invigorate your intellectual muscles. A throw upon your back will do you good. It may leave you for the moment breathless and exhausted; but you will rise up to the next onset with a firmer step and a surer hand.

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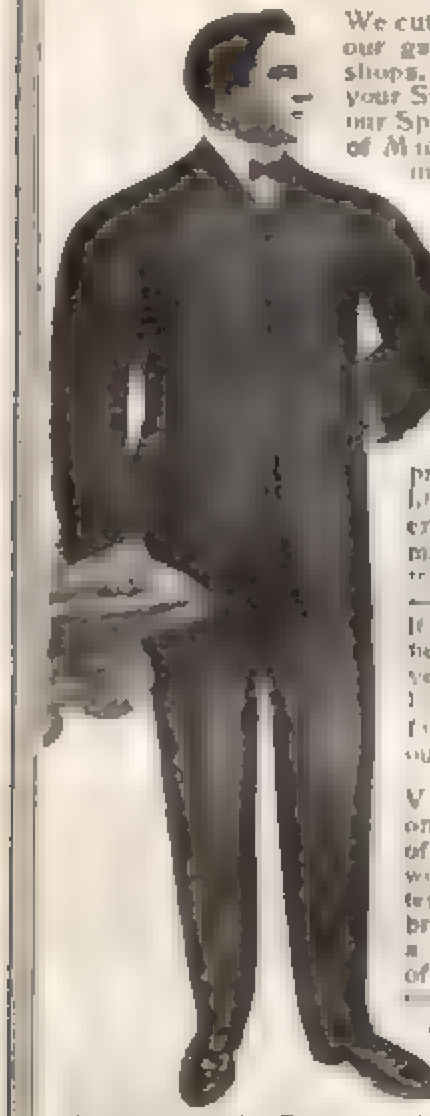

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

GIVE THE PUN A CHANCE—A well-meaning acquaintance of excellent descent who now shows a desire to reform.

¶In this day and generation, should any young person so far forget himself as to emit a pun—he takes his life in his hands. We all know that, and hence are constantly on guard to avoid even the appearance of evil. This is due not so much to any inherent heinousness in the pun itself as to the healthy revolt which followed an unfortunately artificial period in literature and furniture upholstery when every one punned on everything most distressingly.

But that was a long while ago. Surely society and literature are pretty well purged of the pun evil now. It is about time the proper pun came into its own again. The pun is not so bad—provided it isn't a bad pun; there are puns and puns. There are worse jokes. Even if the pun were the lowest form of wit, which is merely one man's opinion—I don't remember whose, clearly not Shakespeare's and probably no humorous person's, else he would not have dogmatized about humor—it is better to have a low form of wit than no wit at all. Did you ever observe a gathering of old companions of the former generation, a family reunion at Christmas or at a wedding of their children? What a lot of fun they get out of it; and the puns they make! But look at the self-conscious younger generation, sitting at the other end of the table thinking about themselves, or at best half whispering their so-called new humor, occasionally turning an ancient apothegm inside out or standing a proverb on its head—which are only perverted puns, after all. But if by chance there should pop out an accidental, old-fashioned, broad-faced, Simon-pure pun, such as produces a hearty haw-haw from the elemental old people, the rest would turn and rend the malefactor with jeers and sneers. And it is noticeable that those who cannot distinguish a pitiful pun from a worthy one always groan the loudest. They have learned that punning is bad form and a pun is to be pounced upon, therefore they pounce with a consistency which might suggest a lack of humor.

Down with the bad pun, and as for the persistent punster—away with him, of course. But the harmless pun—let it pass; it won't hurt you, it may divert some one else, and the habit of tolerance, once established, may in time cure the cursed malady of ingrowing thoughts, make our wits more supple, teach a tongue-tied generation to be less afraid of itself, more prone to use the gift of speech in the hearty, happy, wholesome way of the Elizabethan time, and thus add to the gayety of families, if not of nations. "We've only got one life to live," as a famous punster once remarked, "and we'll be a long time dead." Give the pun a chance.

THE BOOKMAN UP TO DATE—Some instances of the effect of the strenuous life on the peaceful pursuivant of letters.

¶Has the old-fashioned bookman disappeared—the little, snuffy, shambling, near-sighted man, a sort of shop-worn Charles Lamb, whose approval of your purchase spoke in every accent, and whose deprecation of your erring taste frowned from every feature? Possibly he may still linger in out-of-the-way second-hand retreats, far from the cry of the Best Sellers, but the department store knows him not, and even those shops where books only are sold are strangers to his countenance. A young man who applied for a position the other day as clerk in a university book-shop was refused because he confessed, under cross-examination, to a fondness for reading, and in book-shops the business of clerks is to know names, titles and prices, not books.

However, it occasionally happens that not even names and titles are carefully conned. It would grieve the soul of a well-known poet to learn that a customer had been informed by a satisfied and self-sufficient clerk that no

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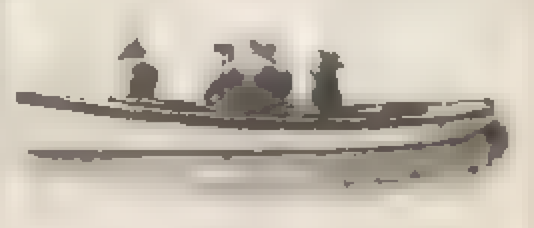

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such person as he, the author, existed, and—— But indeed the story is too good to spoil, and, even at the expense of the author's pride, it must be told

"Carman, Carman, Bliss Carman. There *is* no such name. What you are thinking of is Carmen Sylva."

Now in that young man there was a certain sense of justice. What he took from Carman he gave to Carmen. So, too, with another clerk—perhaps his brother—who in response to an inquiry for Dante Gabriel Rosetti's poems produced five rather bulky volumes, three of which on examination proved to be Dante and the other two Christina Rosetti! But what shall be said of the iniquity of this culprit?

Scene: A Broadway book-shop

(Near-sighted customer holding up a volume): "Is this Number Five John Street?"

(Obliging clerk): "No, you'll find that downtown. Take the car."

Same scene an hour later.

(Second customer): "Do you sell With Edged Tools?"

"No, madam; this is not a hardware shop."

B. WENDELL AND THE BUSY BEE—A study in literary values by the Harvard professor now lecturing at Oxford

¶It was a clever Frenchman who said that our illusions are like our teeth: we lose our first ones to make way for our second ones, but they, in their turn lost, are replaced only with false ones. One wonders in just what state of recovery Professor Barrett Wendell finds himself from the rude shock they gave him at Oxford; but whatever it may have done to his illusions it left his sense of humor untouched; he tells the story himself.

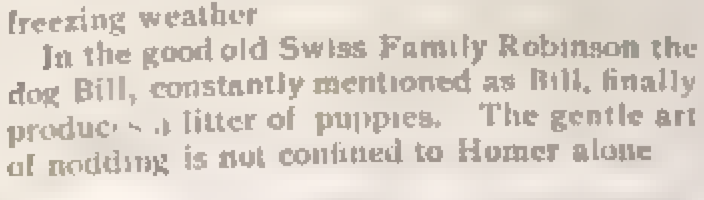
Mr. Wendell, it should be known, has this year been absent from his chair to give a course of lectures at Oxford. Upon the delivery of his first lecture he was impressed, even inspired, by the quality of rapt attention his audience accorded him. He spoke of it later in gratitude to one of his hearers. Now whether the answer was only an example of the proverbial English tact or whether it was malice on the instant you must judge for yourself. "Yes," it came, prompt as the beggar's cap, "we were positively hypnotized with fear that bee would sting you. He must have been circling over your head for twenty minutes."

Mr. Wendell is inclined to think that the bee left his sting, after all, and he confesses with wry good nature that it has proved a hard one to draw. In all justice it should be said that Mr. Wendell's lectures are never dull; when they are not enlivening the boys see to it that they shall be enlivened. The story has been told before of how they drove him from the lecture-room of the Fogg Art Museum by detonating a battery of alarm clocks at intervals of ten minutes each—first one behind the stereopticon screen, then a second one somewhere back of him up under the *alto relievo* moulding of the ceiling, and finally one in his desk itself. Certainly it was impolite, but it must be admitted that the results were fully up to the expectations of the perpetrators, who never revealed their identity to the class, with whom—as with all his classes—Mr. Wendell is deservedly popular. They were generally execrated by the undergraduates at large, and their impertinence is only recalled here as a tentative explanation of why Mr. Wendell's ears, used to harsher alarums, were not wakened by the warlike buzzing of the busy bee.

THE GENTLE ART OF NODDING—Which contemporary literature would seem to show is not confined to Homer.

¶Some one has claimed that Mr. R. W. Chambers has been taking liberties with the moon. Another critical soul is moved thereby to point out that Rider Haggard in one of his stories places the crescent moon, as well as the glow of sunrise, in the East, and that he also describes a solar eclipse as lasting half an hour, whereas its usual duration is about eight minutes. Stevenson brings up the new moon at two a. m., although as a matter of fact the sun rises first. But these slips are less obvious than two famous examples. In his account of Dotheboy's Hall Dickens describes a boy as weeding the garden in one sentence and presently states that it was freezing weather.

In the good old Swiss Family Robinson the dog Bill, constantly mentioned as Bill, finally produces a litter of puppies. The gentle art of nodding is not confined to Homer alone.



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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

SUBSTANTIAL advantages are expected to accrue from certain investigations which Government chemists are about to undertake respecting the composition of patent foods for infants and invalids, of which there are now so many on the market. The purity of most of them is not seriously suspected, but it is desired to know exactly what they contain and how wholesome they are

Foods of this kind, ordinarily, are predigested — that is to say, prepared in such a way as to require a minimum of effort on the part of the consumer to assimilate them. An acid may be employed to accomplish the artificial digestion of the starch in a product of the sort, and when such is the case it is worth while to ascertain whether any of the acid, or enough to be injurious, remains in the substance as sold. This, of course, can be found out only by scientific analysis

Again protein — the stuff, in a food, that goes to make muscle and blood — is predigested by a ferment. The question is just how the material treated is modified by the ferment used, and whether its wholesomeness is lessened by the process. And finally, it is worth while to inquire whether the nutritious properties of the ingredients have been diminished by the methods of manufacture.

Many will say that this investigation suggests paternalism on the part of Uncle Sam, especially as regards the babies, but the results obtained will be highly appreciated by physicians, as well as by mothers, and will be published a few months hence, with names of manufacturers and of products given

The Home of the Emerald

THOUGH so impoverished financially, the Republic of Colombia, with which Uncle Sam has just made a bargain for the digging of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, possesses a great source of wealth in its emerald mines, which produce the finest gems of this kind in the world. The Muzo mine has been famous since the year 1555, and is owned by the Government, which leases the property for periods of five years to the highest bidder at public auction. For reasons not explained, the value of the output has always been kept a secret, but it must represent hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

The veins in which the emeralds occur run irregularly through a formation of slate rock, and the gems are found usually in pockets. One stone weighing, in the rough, 2330 carats was taken out a few years ago and sent abroad to be cut. Most of them go, for this purpose, to British India, where some of the finest ones are purchased by native rajahs, the others of high grade being shipped to Europe for sale

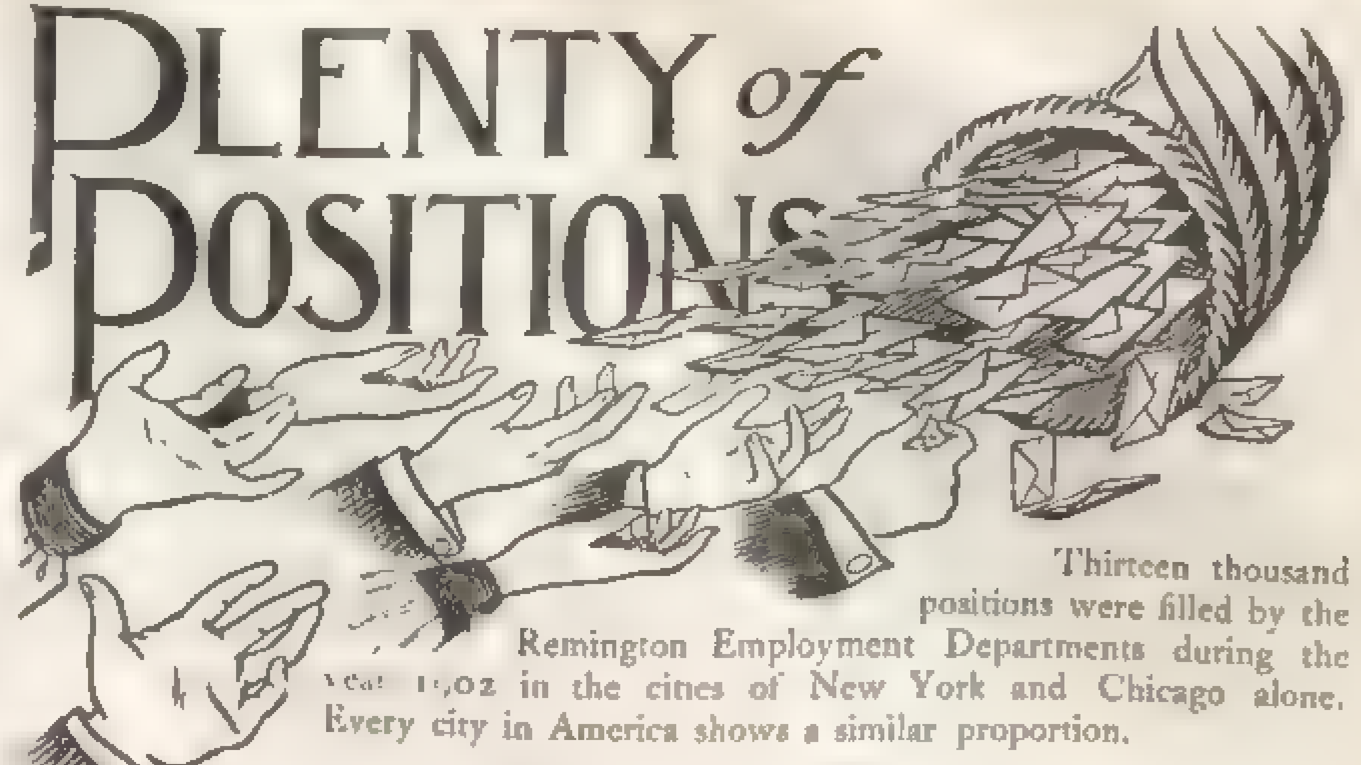
To get out the emeralds hydraulic power is used to wash away the top soil, leaving bare the slate rock, which is cut away with long iron bars handled by natives. Powder is employed for blasting where it can be used without danger of injuring the stones. No precautions are taken to prevent stealing except that the work people are selected with great care. After extraction the gems are classified and shipped, insured

In early days the emerald mines at Muzo and elsewhere in Colombia were worked for the King of Spain, who furnished troops to protect the laborers from hostile natives; but, owing to the dishonesty of those in charge, the business did not pay, and in 1792 the work was suspended.

Wine Without Alcohol

UNFERMENTED grape juice, as a beverage and for use in a great variety of other ways, is fast acquiring popularity in this country, and immense quantities of it are now being put up for market. Three hundred thousand gallons of the product represented the output of the Chautauqua (New York) district alone for 1902.

It has come to be realized that unfermented grape juice is exceedingly healthful as well as nutritious, and many physicians are prescribing it for their patients. In Europe sick people are sent to the wine growing districts at vintage time, with instructions to drink large quantities of the fresh "must" as it flows from the crusher, and they are said to be much benefited. If it can be obtained, unaltered, all the year round, by the help of scientific bottling, an important advantage is gained.



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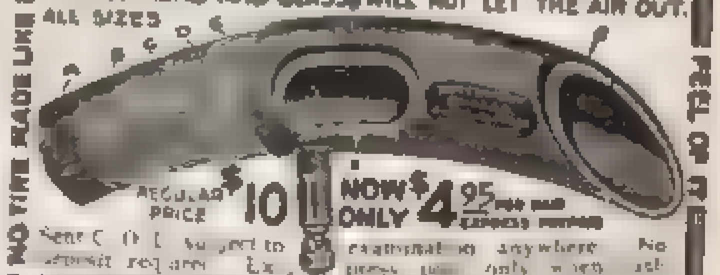

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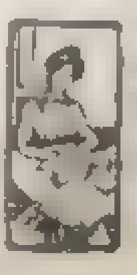

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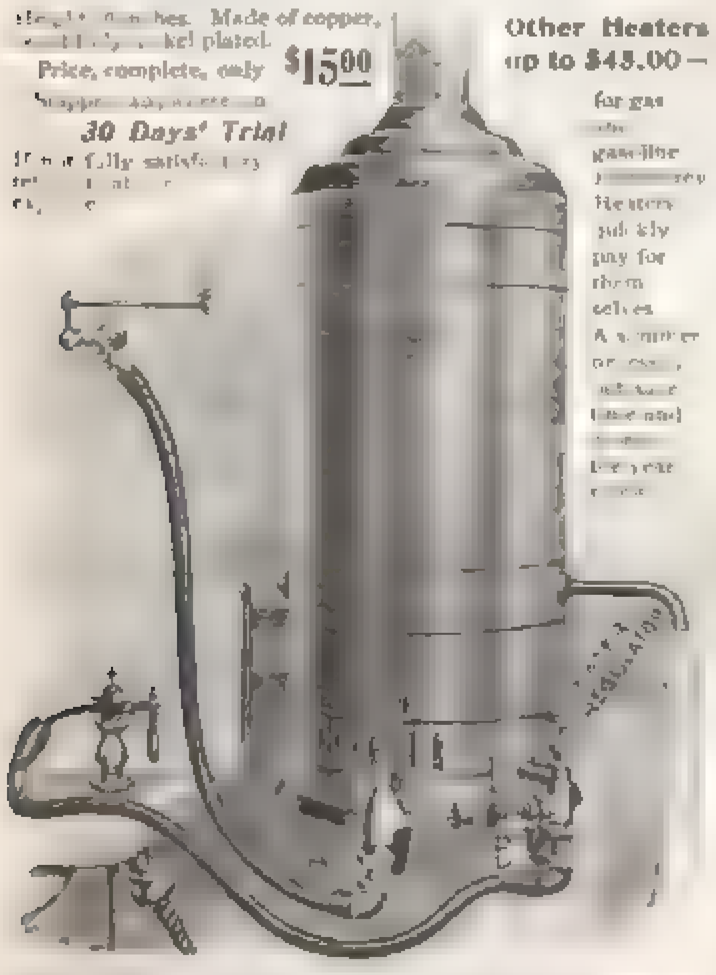

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The problem of preserving it unfermented in bottles has not yet been wholly solved. Not only must fermentation be prevented, but the product must be bright and clear in order to be marketable. Most of the bottled grape juice lacks clearness, and chemical preservatives will not do, because they are harmful. Electricity has been tried to kill the germs of fermentation, but up to date heat has proved the best agent, though the temperature must not be too high lest the flavor of the wine be injured. It is found that complete sterility can be obtained without damage at 165 to 176 degrees.

The method adopted in California consists in selecting only clean and perfectly sound grapes, not too ripe, running the juice from the presses into sterilized receptacles, allowing it to settle twenty-four hours, then "pasteurizing" it by the application of heat, pouring it into fresh sterilized vessels with sterilized bungs, permitting it to settle for a week, filtering it, bottling it as it flows from the filter, sterilizing the corked bottles, and finally sealing over each cork with wax to keep out possible germs.

* * *

The Seizure of the Scotia Mill

(Concluded from Page 4)

the sheathing. A gigantic lumber-jack, "Chanting Jimmy," climbed to the top of the highest pile of joists, and began wildly to wave himself.

"We're Rory's men, Rory's men, Rory, Rory,
Rory's men!

Every man in the flotilla took it up in a last tumultuous burst of raucous exultation. And jammed on the wharves, all Portage, though its multifold throat was by now sorely raw and aching, sent it back in a frenzied roar.

Two dripping figures gnashed and reviled in impotent paroxysms as they passed out of the gate.

The tugs swung off, rocking drunkenly like a pair of shameless pipers at the head of a loot-laden regiment, and with whistles skirling insulting pibrochs and triumphant slogans they took the Channel.

It was the original purpose of this story to tell of that most memorable voyage, and of nothing but that: to tell of a course lost for twenty hours, of scourging nor'easter, of engines that had to be fed with studding and trusses, of semi-starvation, and broken hawsers in the wildest fury of the gale—but the substance of all that would yet have been that the Achilles still held to it! And the Robbie, on the weather flank of that dumb, storm beaten flock, kept them together and nuzzled them ever onward like the bravest of untiring collies. And so, in the end, they made their haven.

Moreover, by the favor of a Government which has always given every encouragement to all honest immigration, it was a most amazingly short time until the Scotia's "[illegible]" and "oscillating gangs" were eating up their hundred and fifty thousand feet a day of good Ontario pine. "Big Rory" throve thereafter like a green bay tree. And Sanders from Windsor was his junior partner.

As for Mr. Schunk, after a week's chartering of every tug for fifty miles up and down the Channel, and a pursuit the futility of which any of those tug captains, had they really been honorable men, might well have explained to him, he spent the remainder of the year in the even more expensive futility of international litigation. And, before he had had a sufficiency of that, of the two payments which Rory had made him on his now forfeited pine land, there remained no very extensive margin of profit. Nor in this matter did he call in Mr. E. G. Egan as legal adviser.

That once ever smiling attorney had risen from a month of inflammatory rheumatism to spend a summer attempting to overcrowd the Michigan state prison with such of Rory's men as still rashly remained in their own, their native, land. As yet, however, notwithstanding the intensity of his feelings, in that field, at least, he is a lawyer without convictions.

And if the moral investiture of this story should still seem to require a considerable deal of mending, it can only be said that the tale in the main is a true one; and if a little ethical raggedness cannot be mitigatingly covered by the mantle of Truth, why, Truth is a very poor sort of goddess indeed, and should have no further worship from any discriminating story-teller.

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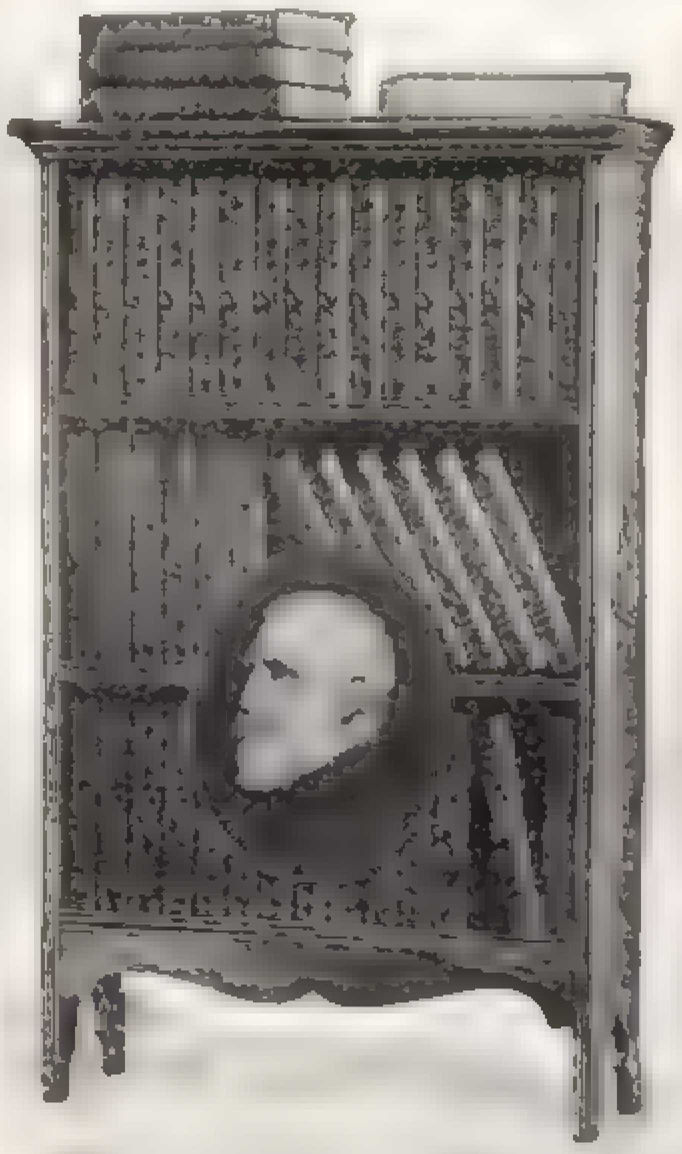

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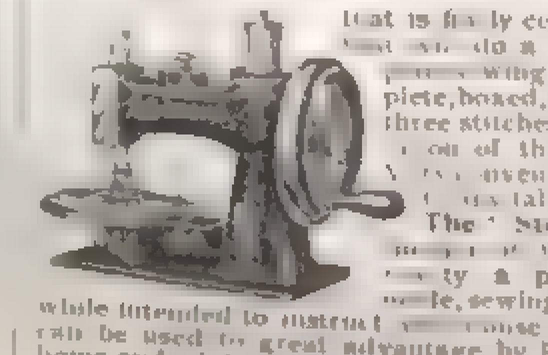

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The "Governor's" Record

The Exploits of a Dutiful Son Who Took His Father for a Model

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

ELLIS ASHBROOK was about to start for college, and there was more than the customary excitement in the Ashbrook family, due to the fact that Ellis never had been away from home before, except for an occasional visit to friends or relatives. He was not the kind of a boy that is generally described as "goody-goody" or "mother's darling," but it so happened that he always had been under home influences. The excellence of the local preparatory schools had made it unnecessary to send him elsewhere for his preliminary education. And now, not only was he going away, but he was going to the college from which his father had graduated. Naturally, they were all very solicitous.

"Just remember," his sister said to him, "that papa went to that college, and don't disgrace him."

"I hope, Ellis," his mother added, "that you will take your father as a model and endeavor to equal his record. He was one of the earliest graduates, and the college still delights to honor him. You know he was president of the alumni association three times, which shows the regard in which he was held by [illegible] Emulate him in every respect."

Then John Ashbrook took his son aside for a little fatherly advice and encouragement.

"Show them that you are a chip of the old block, Ellis," he said. "My college has seen [illegible] in many ways, and I have great veneration for it. I am still well known there, for two of my old classmates are now professors, and several others are living in the college town. I want you to show them that you are the same kind of a fellow your father was—[illegible] in every way. Do your best, my boy. I'm more particular than I should be if you were going to any other college in Christendom."

How forgetful men are! At that moment John Ashbrook recollected only one part of his record, which was that he had graduated with honors; if he had happened to be with a little party of the "old boys" he might have recalled some other features.

The idea of going to his father's college had pleased Ellis previously, but now he was discouraged. "Comparisons are odious," and especially so when one knows that one is to be compared constantly with a high-class model.

"I wish to thunder," Ellis muttered to himself, "that the Governor had not made such a rattling fine record. Every old guy in the place will be watching me and judging me by the standard he set. I believe I'd rather go where I just had to make my own record. However, I'll do my best to show that I'm in the same class with the Governor and worthy of his old niche."

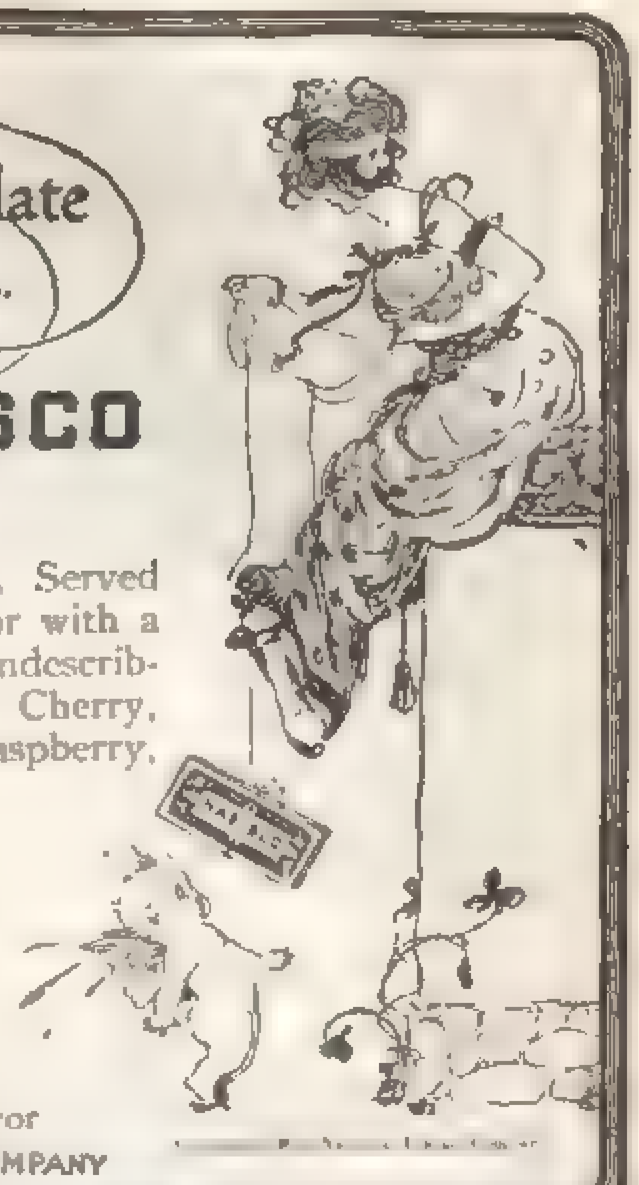
Ellis, it will be seen, was a good boy, but still very much of a boy. He had the right spirit, but his home training had not prevented him from learning to call his father "Governor" and to speak with thoughtless disrespect of others of mature judgment. He had the average boy's vitality and love of sports and mischief, but this tendency had not been developed to the exclusion of ambition to do creditable work in the more serious pursuits of life.

He found, as predicted, that his father was still well remembered in the college town. Indeed, almost the first question asked by the college registrar, after getting his name, was: "Are you the son of Jack Ashbrook?"

"Jack" rather grated on Ellis' nerves, but he admitted that he was; whereupon the registrar became reminiscent.

"I was in the class below him," he said, "and to see his son here brings up old times."

"I hope," said Ellis modestly, "to prove myself a worthy descendant, so far as college life goes."



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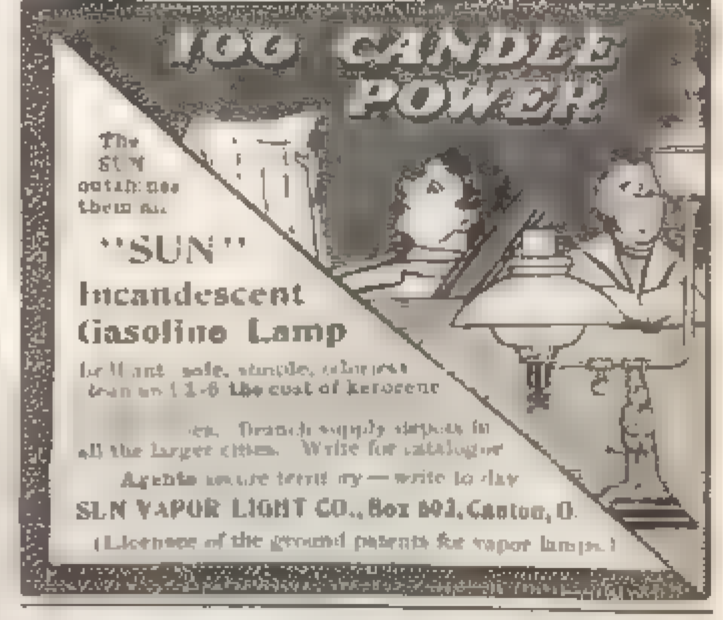

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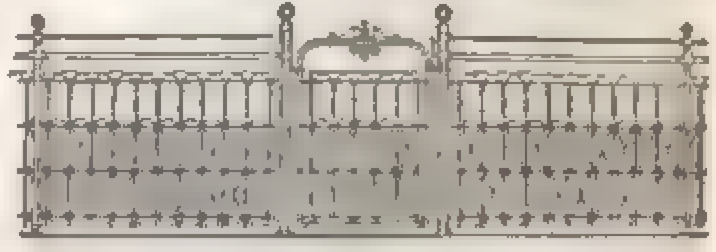

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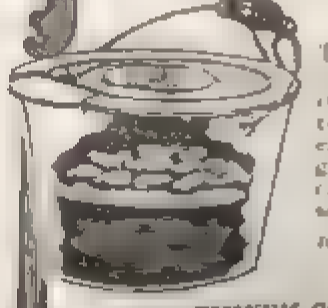

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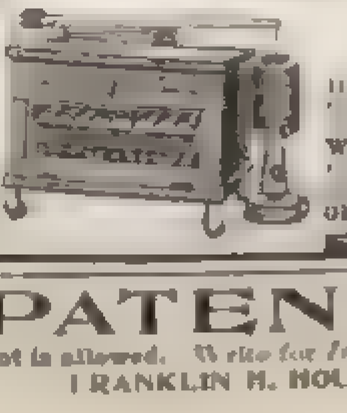

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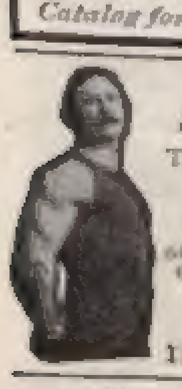

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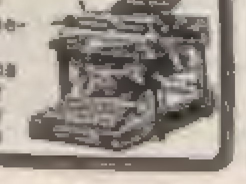

"I hope you will," said the registrar.

"I shall endeavor to emulate him in all ways."

A quizzical smile appeared on the registrar's face.

"Not in all ways," he said.

"Why not?" asked Ellis.

"Well, I recall that he came very near being expelled for running into the mathematics professor and pushing him into the lake. We boys knew it wasn't an accident, but the faculty finally accepted that plea."

Ellis departed thoughtful. Here was a new feature of his father's record, and he began to see what it would really mean to prove himself "a chip of the old block."

"But father told me to do it," he soliloquized.

He was engaged in these reflections when he was stopped on the campus by an undergraduate.

"Somebody told me you are Jack Ashbrook's son?" remarked the undergraduate inquiringly.

"I'm John Ashbrook's son," returned Ellis.

"Oh, he's 'Jack' Ashbrook in the traditions of this college, and don't you forget it," retorted the undergraduate. "But I don't believe you're made of the same stuff. I guess his record is beyond you."

"What do you know about his record?" demanded Ellis.

"Oh, everybody here knows about the time he and some others tied a calf to the chapel bell-rope so that every time the calf moved its head it rang the bell. Say! there was a ghost scare that night that pretty near turned some of the fellows' hair gray. That story will last as long as the college does."

Ellis shook his head doubtfully as he walked along. Then he began to smile. It occurred to him that it might be difficult to excel his father, but that there would be considerable sport in endeavoring to do so.

"Under my instructions," he said to himself, "there is no danger that I shall suffer from ennui while I am here. I wonder what else the Governor did."

He took some letters of introduction from his pocket and noted the addresses. In any event, he would find out at the earliest possible moment just what was in store for him.

The first man to whom he presented a letter was a local lawyer, who shook his hand warmly.

"So you're Jack Ashbrook's son!" exclaimed the lawyer. "By George! how time does fly! It seems only yesterday that Jack and I were suspended for six weeks for giving certain girls in the 'fem. sem.' on the other side of the lake a midnight serenade that scandalized their institution and ours. Oh, those were great times, and your father was king of us all. I'll bet we gave the principal of that female seminary more trouble than she has had in all the rest of her life."

"That will be interesting news to mother," thought Ellis as he went on to present his next letter.

Two days later he thought he had all the evidence he needed, and, with a broad smile on his face, he mailed this communication to his paternal parent:

"*Dear Father:* Just before I left home I received a fine large assortment of advice that has somewhat troubled and bewildered me in view of recent developments. Sister Helen implored me not to disgrace you; mother asked me to emulate you in every respect, and you expressed a hope that I would show that I am 'a chip of the old block,' and, if possible, excel you in every way. The task promises to be a difficult one, except so far as Helen's advice is concerned. Your old chum, James Markham, assures me facetiously that I cannot possibly disgrace you, unless I get myself expelled, as you suffered every other form of punishment, so I will leave that feature out of consideration. As for the rest I will do my very best.

"At the present moment I am on the lookout for a calf to tie to the chapel bell-rope, but I have not yet found one that can be easily secured in the absence of the owner. Perhaps the knowledge that I am your son has caused them to guard their calves with extra care. However, I hope to be successful in the course of another week.

"The mathematics professor studiously avoids the vicinity of the lake. It may be that he recalls what happened to his predecessor in your day. But please do not condemn me yet. I will surely get him before the end of the term.

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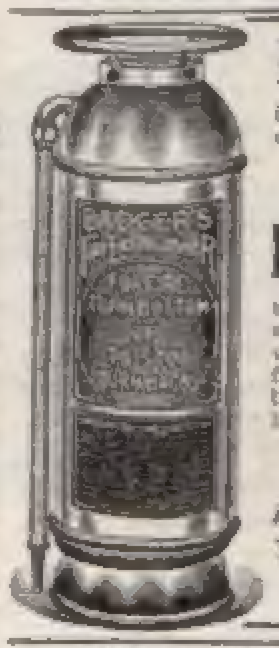

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the latest and most improved Automatic Chemical Fire Fighter. Always Ready. Throws a stream 50 feet. Strong, Simple. No parts to be lost or broken. Perfect Regulation. A Child can use it.
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The pocket manicure, combining clipper for trimming, file and blade for cleaning. Removes and prevents hangnails. Ask your dealer, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.
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Five Years' Work Might Bring Independence

This opportunity comes to you from the largest real estate firm in the world—a firm whose financial standing is respected and appreciated by the largest banks and financial institutions of this country—a firm whose sales of New York property throughout the United States amounted to over three and a half million dollars during the past year.

The offer which we make is the selling of our New York City lots in your community. Ours is a proposition which stands absolutely alone. As an investment it has few equals in the country, and every agent who has ever taken hold of it with the energy required to successfully carry on any business has made for himself thousands of dollars. A single agent, way down in Alabama, whose name will be furnished on application, made over $10,000 in less than six months; another distant agent made over $5000 in a little town of 3500 inhabitants, and we have many who are now earning at the rate of $2000 a year without interfering with their regular business.

This offer should interest any man of ability and character. Our Alabama agent is one of the most prominent lawyers in his state, and he did not undertake the selling of our properties until he had been to New York and satisfied himself beyond peradventure that all we claimed for our proposition was true, and more than true. We want high-class, capable and energetic representatives in every community—we do not want canvassers. Our business is conducted on a high plane, so that it appeals to the very best class of investors. An opportunity such as this is rare indeed. It enables you to associate yourself with a growing business—a business that is sure to develop into practically a strong national institution—and just as desirable as the great insurance companies.

Your name and address will bring further particulars. References will be required.

S. P., Agency Department
Wood, Harmon & Co.
256 Broadway, N. Y.

The Artistic Pencil Pointer

Guides your knife and makes a beautifully tapered point. Superior in effectiveness to any of the costly machines on the market. Peter Ballingall, Certified Public Accountant and Auditor, of Philadelphia, writes: "It is the only one I have ever come across that does the work in a really perfect manner." Price 15c., two for 25c., of your dealer or the Manufacturer, E. L. McDIVITT Belvidere, Ill.

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ICE AND WATER SEPARATE
No Germs, Insects, Rust or Dirt
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APPERT GLASS CO., 277 Broadway, N. Y.

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Trims, files, shapes and cleans, and keeps the nails in perfect condition. A complete manicure for man, woman or child. Silver steel, nickel-plated. Sent post-paid on receipt of price if your dealer hasn't it. 25c

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RELIABLE is a word that stands for the best Incubators and Brooders in the world. Each has special distinguishing features. Send 10c. postage for Book No. 19, just out, giving *guarantee of money back* if incubator is not satisfactory.

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A SMALL CAPITAL brings good returns if invested in a MAGIC LANTERN or Stereopticon for exhibition purposes. Write for 260 page illustrated catalogue free.

McALLISTER Mfg. Opticians, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

"The girl that you took sleighing and upset in a snowdrift when you had been excused from recitations on the plea of sickness is no longer available for that purpose, but when the proper time comes I anticipate no difficulty in finding a suitable substitute.

"I am now working on the odorous combination with which you drove the chemistry class from its room. This may take time, and I think you should allow me the whole first year for it. The opportunities for springing it on the class without detection are few.

"These are the principal features of your record that I have discovered so far. They make my task rather difficult, but I hope to prove myself equal to it if too many other incidents do not come to light. At any rate, I will do my best.

"By the way, might I suggest that my allowance seems to be inadequate? I think I should have at least $500 more for the college year.

"Your affectionate son, ELLIS.

"P. S.—Please ask mother to send me my guitar. I neglected to bring it, and you might tell her that I cannot possibly give the 'fem.-sem.' girls a midnight serenade, as you did, without it. Of course, the girl for whom you got suspended is no longer there, but I already have my eye on one that I think should prove a worthy successor."

John Ashbrook frowned and smiled alternately as he read the letter. Once he laughed and remarked to himself, "That boy is nobody's fool, anyhow." But when he reached the postscript he suddenly sat bolt upright in his chair and whistled softly "That would be a nice story for me to take home to Lucy, wouldn't it?" he commented. Then he laughed again and picked up his pen.

"Never mind my record," he wrote. "It wasn't much of a record, anyway, and I'd a good deal rather you made one of your own. You impress me as being quite capable of it. Of course I will have your guitar sent to you, but I would suggest that you do not use it for that purpose. At any rate, I deem it wise not to mention that feature to your mother. Perhaps you are right about the inadequacy of the allowance. College boys spend more now than they did in my day, so I inclose my check for $500."

After a moment or two of thought he added this as a postscript: "I am a little undecided, Ellis, whether you are going to be a financier or a confidence man, but, whichever it is, I am satisfied you will be a good one."

* * *

Mr. Yerkes' First Venture

WHEN Charles Tyson Yerkes, now busy battling with that antediluvian institution, the London 'bus, was a Quaker lad in Philadelphia, he happened, down on the river front one day, on an auction sale of the contents of a soap-maker's shop. Eighteen dollars had been bid when the young Quaker elbowed his way into the place.

"Going! Go-ing! Going at the insignificant sum of eighteen dollars!" cried the auctioneer.

The lad's eager eye ran over the stock in a hasty appraisal. "Nineteen!"

"Nineteen is bid. Who'll give twenty? Going at nineteen—going!—go-ing! Sold!"

The successful bidder had never had so much money in his possession. He ran home to borrow it of his father, who was reluctant to encourage the lad in such wild speculation. But he got the $19, and a little while after he reappeared at the soap-maker's with a cart. He loaded the cakes of soap on the cart, and then went around selling his stock piece by piece to the Philadelphia housewives. Before the day was over he had emptied the cart, repaid his father's loan, and laid $23 aside.

This was Mr. Yerkes' first business venture. Not many years later he was trading in street railways. He still has the fever for buying things at auction. A little while ago in London he paid £15,000 for a little known canvas by Turner. The walls of his London office are covered with rare paintings he has picked up at Christie's and on the continent. Mr. Yerkes recently received by letter from a prominent resident of London a suggestion that he spend £300,000 in the purchase of a certain well-known collection of paintings, and then present it to East London. His English correspondent naively added that such a generous act would undoubtedly prompt the King to give the railway builder a baronetcy. Mr. Yerkes has not yet made an offer for the collection.

Swift's Little Cook

In all kinds of weather
Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon
are unrivalled as a breakfast dish, a luncheon repast, or a dinner delight.

They have the flavor that denotes care in selection, curing, and smoking. U. S. Gov't inspected. Sold by best dealers in all cities.

Silver Leaf Lard is a favorite everywhere. Put up in 3, 5, and 10-pound air-tight pails.

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Gives cuts of every variety of fowl, together with prices for singles, pairs, trios and pens, and eggs for hatching, in season. Cuts and plans for poultry houses. It cost too much money and time to be given away, but is sent for 10 cents.

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Via Pennsylvania Railroad, account Presbyterian General Assembly. Leave May 12 and 17; going and returning via Denver and Salt Lake City, $134.50 from New York; same route going, returning via Yellowstone Park, $253.00 from New York; going via Grand Canyon of Arizona, returning via direct line, $159.00 from New York. Proportionate rates from other points. Special trains. For detailed information apply to GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

STAMPS 400 genuine fine assorted, including rare Philippine Islands, Queensland, Victoria, Mexico, Japan, etc., nice stamp album and 48-page catalogue, only 10c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. We buy old stamps, list 2c.

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Support without restraint. Indestructible buttonholes. If not at your dealer's send 50 cents for sample pair.

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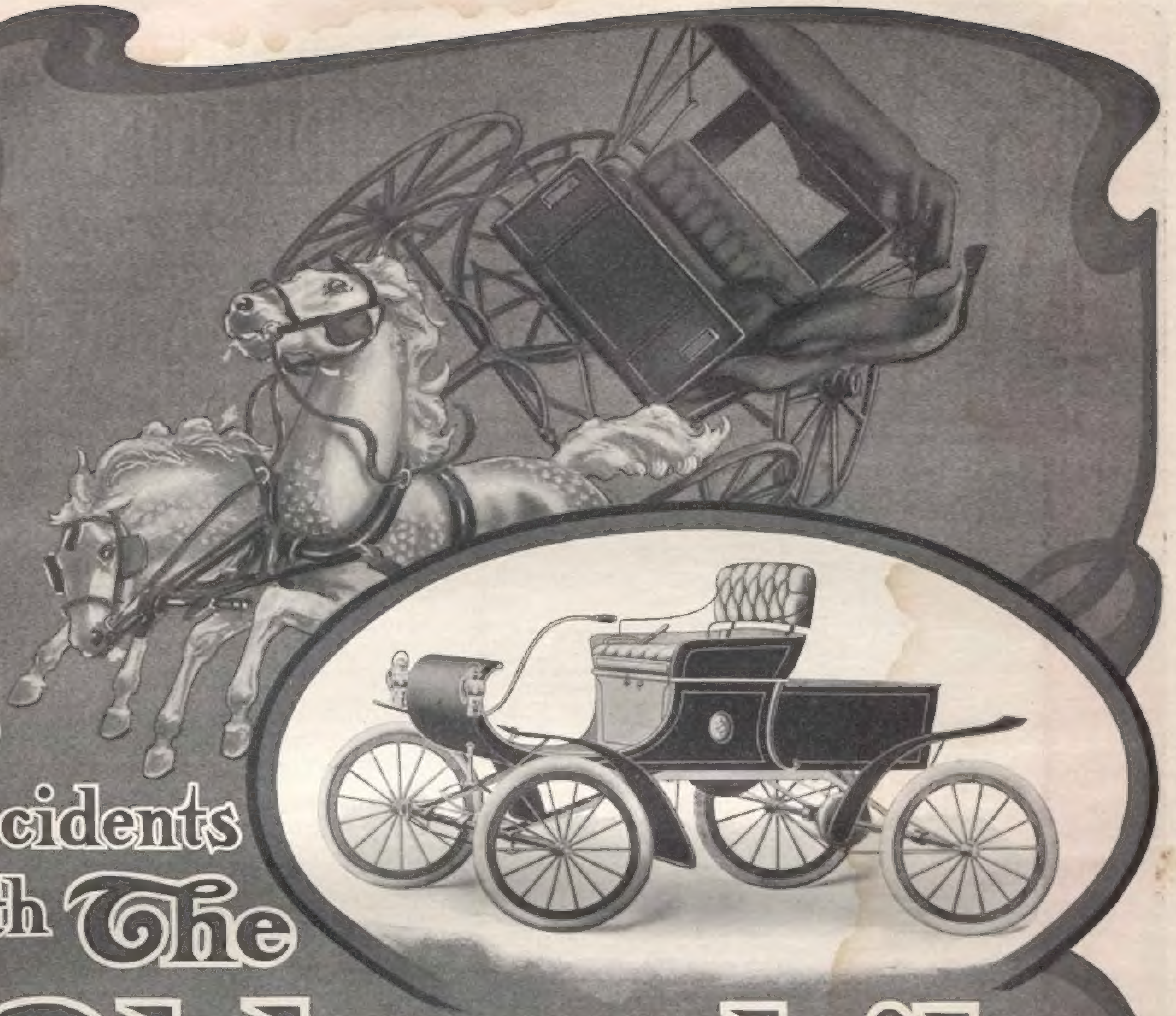

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Mechanical skill and mathematical exactness eliminate the danger of the horse's uncertain temper, sudden fright and unruly disposition—no "Runaways" with *"The Best Thing on Wheels."*

The controlling mechanism is simple, strong and instantly responsive to the will of the driver, giving a sense of perfect security. There is no factor of uncertainty in the Oldsmobile—*"Nothing to watch but the road."*

Price, with Mud Guards, $650.00

Equipped with a motor, running 30 miles on one gallon of gasolene, an improved mixer which guarantees a uniform charge and perfect explosion every time, and strong trussed axles. Call on any of our 58 Selling Agencies or write for illustrated book to Department G.

Olds Motor Works, Detroit, Mich.

$10 SECURES A GLENSIDE HOMESITE

Guaranteed to increase 25% in value within one year and LIFE INSURING AGREEMENT WITHOUT EXTRA COST

A Millionaire's Advice to Young Men

A well-known millionaire, with a national reputation for conservatism, said in conversation the other day:

"If I were a young man anxious for independence, I would invest my savings in a small piece of good real estate. When I had it paid for I would put the deed away and forget I had it. Then I would begin paying on another."

Doubtless every man has felt at some time that he would like to be a land holder. That he would like to have a little piece of this earth—of this great country that he could call his own. This is a worthy sentiment, but to select his piece of land in the heart of a populous community where the mere pressure of population is there to increase the value of his holding, perhaps many fold—this is sentiment combined with business.

It unquestionably strengthens a man's character to own property—it increases his responsibility. If he can tie himself up, and is obliged to make regular payments, he is sure to save. The trouble is that he allows the chance to pass. He is going to begin next month. Rich men talk of the importance of a man's first Thousand Dollars. Why not his first Hundred or his first Ten? The saving of this first $10.00 may be your first step to independence. THE TIME TO DO IT IS NOW.

If you were offered a Government bond guaranteed to increase 25 per cent. in one year, wouldn't you be glad to get the chance to buy it? If a well-known insurance company said you could have a life insurance policy without cost—would it tempt you to write a letter asking for further information? THIS ADVERTISEMENT CONTAINS AN OFFER BETTER THAN EITHER, BECAUSE IT COMBINES THEM BOTH. It will pay every reader of THE POST to read this page—every word of it.

Philadelphia is the third largest city in the United States. It is by far the most solid, thrifty and conservative. Millions have been made here in real estate. There has never been a land bubble or a period of wild speculation in its history. Values have increased steadily for two hundred years. It is the greatest manufacturing centre in America.

The most typical American city. No greater centre of population in the world is growing more rapidly, and its growth is permanent. From the laborer to the capitalist it would seem the aim of every man in Philadelphia is to own his home. The city is populous, crowded; real estate is extremely valuable; rents in town are high. For years people have been pushing towards the suburbs. The working man for his cottage, the millionaire for his mansion.

One after another beautiful suburbs have been bought, and every building lot sold. The suburbs are magnificent. In most of them you cannot buy a building lot to-day for the price of a good forty-acre farm elsewhere. People who buy for a home in Philadelphia do not sell. Many a homestead here has been in the same family for 150 years. Some buy for homes, some to hold as an investment. A man buys several lots, builds on one, holds the others; their advance pays for his home. The steady increase in the price of property here has made thousands of men independent.

Five years ago the suburb of Ogontz Park was put on the market by W. T. B. Roberts; to-day but a few home sites in the entire suburb for sale, and these have doubled in value since the opening.

Now it is Glenside. It is the finest suburban property near Philadelphia. Over Nine Hundred Thousand Dollars has already been spent upon it in improvements. Many times that amount will be spent in its completion. Philadelphians are buying homes in Glenside. It is already thriving; hundreds of houses and stores are already built. More people will profit by the increasing values here than were benefited by Ogontz Park. **Improvements at Glenside are made, not promised.** The Philadelphia & Reading, running the entire length of the suburb, has two stations on the property, and three others within a few minutes' walk, 93 trains a day (rapid express service) connecting it with Philadelphia; two trolley lines are now under construction from the property; 90 minutes to New York City; station short walk. A New York business man bought a home in Glenside last month. Values are increasing weekly.

W. T. B. Roberts is the largest real estate operator in Philadelphia. His record is one of unbroken successes. Ogontz Park was his last achievement; Glenside is now receiving his attention. It is said of him here that he has helped to make 10,000 young men independent. Any responsible business man in Philadelphia can tell you about him. Every bank will attest his success. He knows Philadelphia and Philadelphia property as no other man knows it. The firm of W. T. B. Roberts & Son is widely known throughout the country. They are planning business of national scope. They want to make the acquaintance of bright young men in every community. They desire to know prospective investors everywhere; making small but highly profitable investments for them, and establishing business relations that will grow with them and their friends.

$10.00 will secure for you a part interest in this great property

To carry out his plan Mr. Roberts has set aside 300 of the choice home sites in Glenside for small investors of every country. This offer is made exclusively to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The lots range in price from $200 to $1700. Any one of them is, in our opinion, as safe an investment as a United States Bond. Upon the payment of $10.00 we will reserve one of these lots, and send you a marked plan showing its location. If you desire any other than the one selected we will gladly make the change.

Glenside Investment a Saving Fund and Life Insurance

You can pay us each month whatever amount you wish to save. If you would rather pay the full amount within thirty days, we will allow you a cash discount of ten per cent. With the deed of sale we will include an ironclad guarantee that the property will increase in value 25 per cent. within a year from purchase, based upon prices at which the ground is then selling. If it fails to do this **we will refund your money at the end of twelve months with 6 per cent. interest added; and in the event of your death the lot will be deeded to your beneficiary without any further payments.**

Send in your application for a lot to-day. If you can come to Glenside personally, we will pay a proportionate amount of your expenses, according to the size of your investment. On the higher-priced lots we will pay the entire cost of transportation from any point in the United States.

Recommended by Men of National Fame

"I have known all that part of the country for thirty years and I think it is one of the most beautiful and healthful sections around our city. The improvements that have been made there seem to be very attractive. I do not know of any neighborhood more inviting or likely to be permanently satisfactory to seekers of country homes than that of Glenside and the region thereabout, including Ogontz Park." (Signed) JOHN WANAMAKER.

Wm. R. Nicholson, President of The Land Title and Trust Company of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, one of the largest institutions of its kind in the country, located at the corner of Broad and Chestnut Streets, will gladly answer any questions in regard to Glenside, or its owner. It is endorsed by P. A. B. Widener, the great traction magnate, who knows the section thoroughly, because his palatial home, Lynnewood Hall, is within a short distance of Glenside. Wm. L. Elkins, the famous financier, has also consented to reply to any prospective investor who desires his opinion as to the value of Glenside home sites as investments. Either of these gentlemen will answer any inquiry as to the financial ability and standing of the owner of Glenside, also his willingness to perform every obligation made.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS

Wm. T. B. Roberts & Son, 411 Land Title Building, Philadelphia

Coupon

I am interested in the sale of 300 GLENSIDE HOME SITES. Please supply me with the information promised in the above-named advertisement.

Name ....

Address ....